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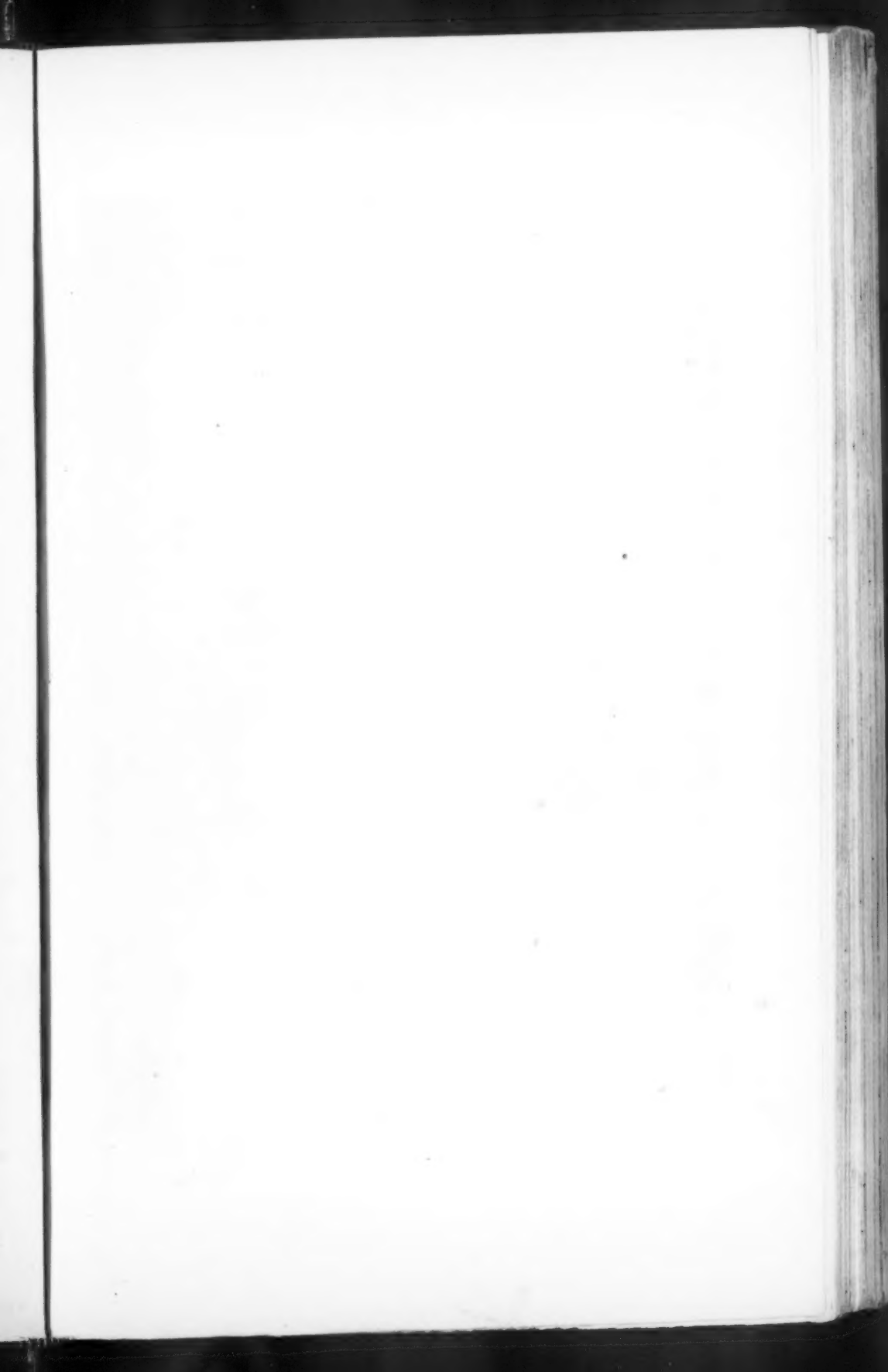
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FOURTH OF JULY.



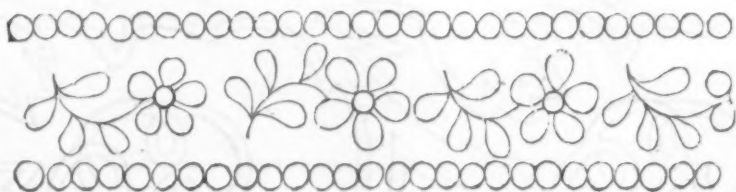
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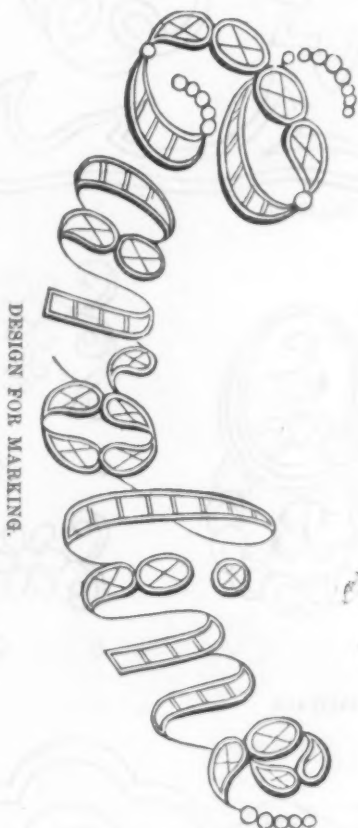


FOURTH OF JULY.





INSERTION.



DESIGN FOR MARKING.



INITIALS FOR MARKING.



BROIDERIE ANGLAISE.

ALICE MAZOURKA.

Arranged from a London Periodical for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

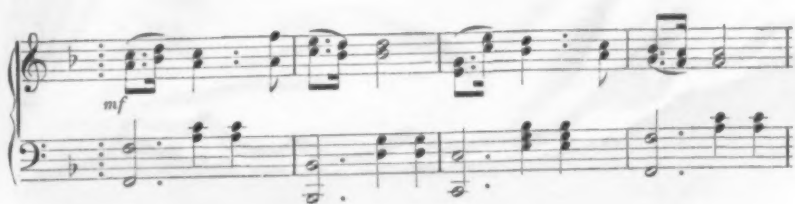
By R. RHOLLO.

TEMPO
DI
MAZURKA.

The musical score is written for piano in 3/4 time. It consists of five systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system features a melodic line with a 'slide' and an '8va' (octave) marking, accompanied by a bass line with a forte (*sf*) dynamic. The fourth system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and a 'Ped.' (pedal) instruction. The fifth system also includes 'Ped.' instructions and asterisks (*) indicating specific notes or measures. The score concludes with a final chord in the bass staff.

ALICE MAZOURKA.

11





DRESS OF BUFF PIQUE, TRIMMED WITH BLACK ALPACA BRAID.
White Leghorn Hat, trimmed with Velvet and Feathers.

(8)

ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1865.

HOME PICTURES.

BY L. AUGUSTA BEALE.

PART I.

DISENCHANTMENT.

"Sweet bells jangled out of time."

A hundred miles of railroad! No wonder I had never found courage to undertake it before; and I began to wonder what spirit of daring and venture had possessed me now, and actually started me on the Eastern Line for the great city of Huhmbaug.

No one to speak to; fat woman on the seat in front, with a swollen hand, bathed in opodeldoc, which always makes me faint, so I open the window, and get my eyes and throat filled with smoke and cinders, while nervous little man behind, folding his scarf half a dozen times about his neck, coughs, and wheezes, and fidgets, and finally asks if I would mind having the window down, as he is afraid of a draft; it always gave him the asthma. So down goes the window with an amiable slam, and I seek refuge from present ills in the abstraction of reminiscence.

Can it be ten years since we parted, Marian and I? We were young then; I, a romantic dreamer, and she my heroine, whom I duly installed queen of my Spanish castle, decked in all the glorious drapery my fancy had wove to adorn the "perfect woman." I had wonderful visions then of the possible in woman's life, of attainments grand and heroic, self-sacrificing and devoted, "a little lower than the angels." I did not think that I—plain Esther Snow, the village teacher, could live out these beautiful aspirations; but Marian could. She was so gifted and accomplished,

so regal and self-possessed, well worthy of the proud and princely man who had wooed and won her for his city home—Parker Gray. I remembered how fair and saintly she looked in her white robes, standing by the altar, beneath the bridal benediction. She was leaving us there, her girl companions, to go out into the broad fields of womanhood to harvest its riches, and live out the brave possibilities I had dreamed for her. Ten years. I was still the village teacher at Glenburne, but I had learned to look upon life as the actual and the real, divested of the rose-hued mists of seventeen. And now I was about to visit Marian Gray. I knew I would find her quite the matter-of-fact wife and mother, and yet I could not quite shake off the fancies that had gathered about her bridal.

Ugh! how cold the cars were, and how we crept along. They did not know I was coming, and would not be at the depot, so I must face the din.

"Have a hack, mum?" "Kerridge, mum?" "Parker House?" "Tremont?" "Revere?" "Kerridge?"

I took a "kerridge," relinquished my checks, and soon arrived at Hillside.

Marian did not know me at first, and I'm sure I should never have recognized her anywhere else. She was stately and beautiful still; but care had clouded her brow, and two wrinkles had gathered prematurely upon her fair forehead. She flushed rosily when she knew me, and seemed so glad to see me. "Come into my little sitting-room, Esther; I can scarcely make parlor company of you—"

"If you do, I will take the next train."

"I have thought hard of you so many times for not coming. Let me help you with your cloak. This easy chair close by the grate—you are nearly frozen. You won't mind the children? These are my little girls, Minnie and Essie; I named them for my bridesmaids, you see—you and Minnie Gordon. Minnie, Essie, come here, and speak with your Aunt Esther. Excuse me, while I speak to Bridget, then I will come and have a nice chat with you."

She disappeared. She was changed, to be sure, from the dewy bud to the full-blossomed rose; from the thoughtless girl to the graver matron. The mantle of maternity had invested her with a dignity and seriousness more charming than even the piquant wiles of girlhood.

I was dreaming again; and here were the children, forming very uncomplimentary opinions of me, no doubt. They were very pretty and prepossessing children. Minnie was like her mother, quiet and stately. Essie, the darling, had her father's auburn hair, more gold than brown, dancing about her face and neck. She was a restless little creature, full of enthusiasm, and entirely devoted to her doll, which was hugged tightly.

"Do you like your dolly?" I asked, for I love the prattle of children.

"Oh, yes; but she has got the measles now, dreadfully."

"How did she get them?"

"Why, you know, we went over to see Katie May, and carried dolly, and we never knew Katie's baby had the measles; but she did, and so she took it. Don't you think she looks dreadful sick?" with an air of distressing anxiety, that would have done credit to the most devoted mother.

"She does have a good deal of color."

"That's the measles. We gave her some spearmint tea, and it drove 'em out, and she's a *little* better!"

"Supposing she should get worse and die?"

"Oh, I guess she won't. If she should, I suppose she will go to Heaven, and we will have a nice funeral, won't we, Minnie? and she can have flowers on her head."

I could not help laughing at the vivid imagination that conjured up such a rapid series of incidents with such apparent ease; and from all this I conjectured that the children had recently had the measles, and been dosed with spearmint tea.

Marian returned. "There, Essie, you are

making yourself entirely too familiar; Aunt Esther is tired; go back to your play."

The little one slid ruefully from my arms, putting up her rose-bud mouth to kiss me, and Marian drew up her chair to mine for a chat.

"I am so glad to find you so happy, Marian. A pleasant and sumptuous home, a kind husband, and such sweet children; you ought to be the happiest woman alive!"

She smiled—not a glad, sunny smile of appreciative sympathy, but a look that foreshadowed her reply. "You haven't changed a bit, Estie. Just the same romantic enthusiast as when we went to school together, and dreamed of the future out in the pine grove by the stream. Do you remember?"

"Don't I!"

"And you used to say you thought nothing could make you so happy as a little cottage in some secluded valley—or was it on a hillside?—and husband and children to love and to love you. But you are wiser now?"

"Not a bit; as I just said, I think you must be very happy."

"Ah, Esther, if you had been married ten years, you would have worn off all this glamour. It is so strange that girls don't know when they are well off. They never see the care, and perplexity, and weariness, and toil, that quite cancels all the enjoyment of married life, until it is too late."

"You shock me, Marian!"

She laughed. "I always did, because I am practical, and you are romantic. There now, you look just as you did so long ago, when I told you that I should want a carriage, brown stone front, and ten servants, to make my home comfortable and happy."

"But surely you do not regret——"

"No, indeed. I am excessively fond of my husband and children—Minnie, less noise, or I'll send you to the kitchen—but then it is nothing to the freedom and pleasure of girlhood. I have no time for recreation—only went twice to the opera all last winter—and I haven't even read 'Cudjoe's Cave,' and it has been out six weeks; and Parker scolds me because I never sing; I haven't opened the piano these three months. Now you have come, you must play for him; you have time for all these, and yet you fancy that you envy me."

"But I am lonely, Marian; I confess it freely—you know I was always candid—and I thought all women must be, without home and children to occupy their hearts and hands. And surely it must be sweeter to study the

daily unfolding of these innocent hearts and eager minds than to read all the sensation novels in the world, and no amusements can possibly compare with the endearments of the home circle. It seems to me that care, and toil, and pain, are a cheap return for such luxuries."

"Heigho, little rhapsodist! I see that nothing short of actual experience will convert you, and I am almost cruel enough to wish you may have it; though if you will make me a long visit, I will try and demonstrate to your satisfaction—here comes argument number ene."

A sharp cry from Essie called forth the latter remark.

"What is the matter now? Minnie, what have you been doing to her?"

"Nothing; only she wants to be *mother* all the time, and wont let me any."

"I am astonished at you, Minnie. Can't you be woman enough to give up to your little sister without quarrelling?"

"Well, I don't want to give up all the time!" with considerable spirit, and an obvious pout on the lips of the six-year old woman.

"Minnie Gray," said the mother sharply, "go to the kitchen and stay till you can behave yourself."

The sick doll, with all the accompaniments of cups, bed and furniture, were quickly tumbled into a promiscuous heap, and the child left the room without a word, but one large tear trembled on her lashes.

"I don't see where she gets her sullen temper," sighed Marian. "Essie, stop crying, and sit down in your chair."

"Where is your little boy?" said I.

"He goes to school."

"Is he as well and active as the girls?"

"Active! I could scarcely have the effrontery to ask you to stay a week, if it was his vacation. He makes noise enough for a regiment of boys."

"I always liked my noisy boys best at school."

"Yes; it's well enough for a few hours in the day, but then you can escape from it. Mothers never have a hiding-place. There comes Johnnie, now. He's always whistling."

I heard a strain of the "Soldier's Chorus in Faust," in a clear whistle, then the hall door shut loudly, then a sound of small boots—I thought Johnnie was bringing in two or three friends with him—then the boy himself appeared, followed by a huge Newfoundland dog. His cheeks were darkly dyed with exercise,

and the dog seemed in a high state of enthusiasm.

"Oh, mother," he began, in a tone better adapted to driving a tandem team, "oh, mother, I tell you, Brave is one of the dogs! He's been carrying me on his back and I've been carrying him on mine, and!"

"We are none of us deaf; and how many times a day do I tell you to shut the door after you," was the mother's nowise sympathetic response.

"Well, kiss me, mother. I should think you'd want all the windows and doors open, it's so hot here; no wonder you have the headache."

She kissed him, mechanically, and said—

"This is Aunt Esther Snow, Johnnie."

He came forward in his same frank, independent way, and shook hands with me, then asked for the girls to go and play with him.

"Let Minnie and Essie go out in the yard and play with me, wont you? I shall have a headache if I stay here."

"No; it is too cold for the girls to go out. You can go and play with Brave."

"I don't like to play alone."

"Yes, you do; run out now, we want to talk."

He went out, leaving the door open again, and shouting to Brave with the voice of a young Stentor.

"I hope that's noisy enough to suit you?"

"What a noble boy! Oh, Marian, suppose your children were sickly or deformed?"

"Don't I know they are fine children, dear? Mothers always know that. You seem to think I don't care for them—when I assure you that I am extremely fond of them. I only want to convince you that there is always something to remind a wife and mother that she is not in Elysia, and her trials and annoyances are legion."

"Yes, I begin to see, Marian, that I have been too visionary. I am open to conviction. What time does your husband come home?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you he was in New York; he will come to-night in the seven o'clock train. He has changed more than I have. He never thinks of anything but the paper and his business, while I enjoy society as much as ever."

"Do you have a pleasant circle of friends?"

"Oh, yes; rather select, you might think; one has to be in the city. And that makes me think I have a surprise in store for you, I wont tell you now."

Bridget put her unkempt head inside the door.

"An' will yeess have the tay now, mem, or wait for Mister Gerray?"

"We'll have it at once, Bridget."

"Not on my account, Marian; I took a late dinner, and it will be so much pleasanter for him, to wait."

"Oh, he doesn't mind, and I'm hungry myself."

So we ate our supper, and the tea things were removed. I was already fancying the warm greeting she would give her husband, after a week's parting—such a welcome as it seemed all loving wives must have ready for their husbands after a brief absence. Presently he came. Yes, he had changed. He was a calm, dignified man of business, with the silver threads clustering about his temples. But Marian gave no glad welcome; she did not even go forward to take his hand, only—

"Good evening, Parker," and presented me.

There was a warm cordiality in his greeting, and he seemed glad I had come. He went to a closet for his dressing-gown.

"Have you seen my slippers, Marian?"

"No, yes. Minnie, where are your father's slippers? You had them for a cradle for your doll. These children turn the house upside down. Have you been to supper?"

"No; I only want a cup of tea; I don't feel well to-night."

He looked pale and anxious, but the wife did not seem to notice it, she only said—

"I told Bridget to keep the tea hot for you. She is in the kitchen."

Keen and observant, I caught the quick expression of pain that went over his brow, mingled with a shade of shame and anxiety with regard to my opinion, for he gave a quick glance towards me, and seeing that I was observing him, covered it with a casual remark upon the weather, then retreated to the kitchen. I listened in silence to Marian's careless remarks, but in my heart I was saying, "Oh, Marian Gray! is it thus you fulfil those bridal vows, to 'love honor and cherish'? Is it thus you keep the heart and love that was committed to your care upon that day? Where are all the wifely graces; the tenderness, the sympathy, the care and love, that becomes a woman's duty on her wedding-day? Where are all my glorious dreams of thee, oh, Marian, Marian! Or is the fault mine—and had I fancied the impossible and unreal? And was she teaching me the substantial and the true? Ah—

Life is oft so like a dream we know not where we are."

"Your husband seems very weary to-night," I ventured to remark.

"Yes, his business worries him—it is those Air-line stocks again, I dare say. I said all I could to dissuade him from investing in the concern, but he insisted that he understood his business better than I could; and now the prospect is that his shares are worth about two cents on the dollar."

"It must be very discouraging to him."

"Yes, and to me too; but he can blame no one but himself."

Mr. Gray returned from the kitchen, where he found the fire out, of course. He looked pale, and dejected, and suffering. He looked as if he needed the touch of a cool and loving hand upon his brow to soothe away his pain and perplexity. Essie crept silently to his side; child as she was she had the true instincts of woman, for there was the pathos of gentleness and sympathy in the cadence with which she murmured, as she laid her cheek against his hand, "poor papa's tired."

He made no reply, but the fond manner in which he passed his hand caressingly over the golden locks, was well understood by the child, and she knew that her love was appreciated. Yes, Parker Gray was a domestic man, one highly qualified to give and enjoy the most exalted pleasures of a genial and affectionate home-life. Alas, for his disappointment! There are many such in the world.

He talked pleasantly with me for half an hour, then relapsed into thought again. Marian said—

"You found the Air-line rather an unprofitable investment, didn't you?"

"I really fear so, Marian. Times have changed so much, that it looks as though we should not realize anything from this at present."

"Just as I told you?"

"Well, unfortunately, yes. But everything is uncertain in war times."

"Yes; but it is hard to have to be so poor, when a little forethought and prudence might have saved it all. You will think you can't afford to move into the city this winter, I suppose?"

"Really I cannot afford it; and I think it is very comfortable here, don't you, Miss Snow?"

"Very, charming," I cheerfully responded, as though I did not dream there was a serious conjugal tempest brewing.

Marian was too proud to seem disturbed,

and she smiled when she spoke, and her words had a pleasant intonation, as though she were saying commonplace and agreeable things. But I have seen the fatal dagger gemmed with diamonds and rubies. She went on in her musical way—

"But you know, Parker, that you go into the city every day and enjoy all the pleasures of social intercourse, while I am shut up in this dismal prison, from one week's end to another; of course you don't know anything about it."

"I scarcely think my social pleasures are anything to be coveted, wife. I try to do as duty leads me."

There was a world of bitterness and a hidden reproach in the words, and he strove to change the subject by asking me to sing. I was only too glad to comply; for my heart ached with its weary study of these two lives, so near and yet so far apart.

Minnie drew a chair close to the piano and watched me with a keen eagerness, while I sang a few simple ballads. When I closed she drew a long trembling breath of ecstasy, and said—

"Oh, Aunt Esther, it is so good."

"She has a wonderful talent for music," said her father. "I wish I could afford her a good teacher."

I knew Marian had been a rare artist in music. I wondered that she did not cultivate this gift in her child. I retired, heart-sick and disappointed. My Marian, the fair and gifted, the pet and pride of Glenburne, whom I had hoped to find a model for her sex—sunk to the base level of a cold, peevish, selfish woman. I knew there were many such, many. I was perplexed. Was this the rank of all domestic lives? Was I all in the wrong—a foolish fanatic—a social alchemist, vainly striving to educe the pure gold from the crucible of common things? Or had I grasped the truth—and was not all the rest of the world wrong?

Two days went drearily by. Marian tried to make my visit cheerful and pleasant; but there was but one thing that could make it truly enjoyable—harmony, which was wanting.

After dinner on the third day she surprised me with—"I told you I was keeping a gay secret. Can't you guess it?"

"Guess it? No."

"I have invited some one over to tea—now guess."

"Mystery—mystery."

"Why, you obtuse little goose! Don't you know who Parker is in partnership with?"

"Why, Mr. Smith."

"And who is Mr. Smith's wife?"

"Not Minnie Gordon? Why, Marian!" My astonishment was equal to her most ardent desire. "How could I ever suspect it? There are so many Smiths in the world, and the last I knew of them they were in New York—or was it Brooklyn!"

"Yes, Brooklyn, and they came here a year ago, and Minnie Smith lives just over there, in that little white house by the depot. I should have told you before, but I wanted to surprise you. I meant to keep it till she came, but I couldn't, you see."

She came—bustling, childish, laughing—bugged me heartily, cried, and laughed, and cried again.

"I couldn't come before, for baby wouldn't go to sleep, and now I can only stop to eat, and then I must hurry home to put the children to bed. Hal will come over to tea, and Esther must go home with me and stay all night. Oh, Esther, it seems just like old times, doesn't it? Doesn't it, Marian? I can almost fancy that we are going up to the Academy by and by, to recite our lessons. You are an old maid, aren't you, Esther?"

"Almost, I believe."

"Why, there come the men."

"How early," said Marian.

"Yes; I told Harry to be sure and come early."

They came in, and the child-wife rattled on—"This is Esther Snow, Harry, that you have heard so much about, only she is ten years older than she was once you see," to apologize for any lack of personal attraction he might notice. "She's an old maid, too, Harry, would you think it?"

"What a pity!" he responded, in a mock-serious way. "I believe my wife thinks that is the greatest evil that can befall a woman."

"Well, I don't care if you do laugh, Hal; I hope she will be married some time; and I guess you wouldn't like it very well if you weren't married yourself."

"Don't listen to them, Miss Snow," said Mr. Gray—"you are far better off as you are."

"Oh, fie! Mr. Gray," replied the merry little woman. "Take my part, Marian."

Her husband said playfully—"There, stop your quarrelling, chatterbox. She's always quarrelling, Miss Snow; you can imagine how much comfort she lets me take."

There was no undertone of discord here, and the look he gave her said as plain as words—

"Isn't she the dearest, most bewitching little wife in the world?"

Even Mr. Gray laid aside his moody abstraction and became cheerful in the sunshine of these two happy spirits, and after they had gone, the room seemed filled with a fresh halo of love and peace.

PART II.

HARMONIES.

I went over to Minnie's early the next morning, in the same informal manner as when we were school-girls together. She was in the nursery, dressing her baby. If there is anything in the world I love, it is to see a tender, loving mother dress her baby. He was a fat, good-natured little fellow, who only winked and crooned at the water, and made vigorous and unsuccessful efforts to swallow his plump little fists.

"Just in time to see the baby dressed; there's nothing I enjoy more."

"That's just like your oddities; it isn't often I'm so late about it; but he slept so sweetly I couldn't bear to wake him. Isn't he a darling? I believe he's the very best baby in the world; he never keeps me awake nights." She kissed him fondly.

"He is a fine child," I replied, with provoking indifference; "but don't you find him a great care and confinement to you? You can't go about into society as you used to do."

"Oh, Esther, you poor old maid! don't you know that mothers take a hundred times more pleasure in their children than in all the 'society' in the world."

"Well, that is just the problem that I have been trying to solve this long time, and sometimes I think one thing, and sometimes another; but just as I begin to think I have clearly demonstrated it beyond all doubt, then some will-o'-the-wisp like yourself will scatter all my logic to the winds."

There was a faint knock on the door.

"Come in!" said Minnie.

A comical little figure entered very sedately, dressed in a long shawl and a very large shaker, with a kitten, a doll, and a quarto illustrated little Red Riding-Hood in her arms.

"Good morning," Mrs. Smith, said the new comer, with a profound courtesy; "I thought I would come over and spend the afternoon and bring the children."

"I'm happy to see you; walk in. Allow me to make you acquainted with Miss Snow. Miss Rosa Smith, this afternoon in the morning."

"How do you do, Miss Snow," shaking hands with great gravity. "But you know, mamma—I mean Mrs. Smith—that I am not Rosa now; I am Mrs. Patty Prim."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Prim. Lay off your things. I hope your family are all well?"

Very well, I thank you, all but Alice; she's got the tykus fever, and staid to home."

"You must excuse me, Esther, if I make myself appear very ridiculous, playing with the children in this way; but to tell the truth, I have got in the habit of it so much, that I enjoy it as much as they do. She's such a queer little mimic, and so very much in earnest, it amuses me. Then, you know, she has no one but baby and me to play with, when Willie is at school."

"I think it is charming. No wonder you take pleasure in your family."

"Shall I lay my baby in your cradle?" said the little actress.

"Certainly; I suppose it will do just as well if you put yours at the foot?"

"Oh, yes'm; I wanted to sew a little."

She has to do her patchwork every day, and so she brings it into her acting."

It was a charming study, this busy, inventive mind, and the fond mother leading it so carefully and lovingly along. Before dinner Mrs. Prim took her leave, with many flourishes and invitations for us to call and see her. As she was retiring, her mother said—"If you see my little girl on your way home, I wish you would tell her that it is school-time."

Soon she reappeared with her book and read her lesson, and then took a great deal of pains to teach the kitten.

Presently Willie came home from school, leaving all the doors open, as boys always do, and rushing into his mother's arms for her warm caress.

"Have you been a good boy to-day, my son?" with her arm still round him, and his head pressed against her bosom.

"No, mother; I laughed, and the mistress made me stand in the floor."

"Oh, Willie! didn't you feel ashamed?"

"Yes; but I couldn't help it; Jimmy Johnson made such funny pictures on his slate."

"Well, you are going to begin the New Year, and see if you can't shut the doors every time you come in, aren't you?"

"Oh, mother, I forget every time! Wont you tie a string round my finger, to make me remember?"

"Keep trying. Make yourself remember

Only think, if baby should get cold, and have the croup, and die; babies often do."

"I will try, mother."

How pleasant he was to the baby, and how pleased the little fellow was to see him, and worked, and winked, and made his hands fly, as though he would give all the world to say something, only he didn't know how.

I could scarcely remember when I had spent a day so happily, and when the evening shadows gathered over us, I could hardly realize the day was gone.

"Is it time for papa to come?" said Rosa.

"Is it?" echoed Willie.

"But it's my turn to-night, Master Willie."

"I know it; but I've got something to show him."

I wondered what it was that Rosa was so enthusiastic about. I soon learned, for the little one got a chair, and climbed up to the closet and pulled down her father's dressing-gown, and dragged it to a chair by the grate; then brought out his slippers, and placed them on the hearth, then drew an easy chair up beside.

He came in late. Minnie met him at the door, as I dreamed that wives should do, while Rosa claimed the first kiss, for bringing out the evening gown and slippers, and Willie drew a piece of paper from his pocket upon which he had begun to write. His father praised his first effort in writing to his heart's content.

I saw that he looked pale, and drew his hand across his brow as if in pain. I noticed, too, that all Minnie's playful gayety had changed to a subdued cheerfulness, and that she glanced anxiously at her husband and hushed the mirth of the children.

There was a perceptible depression in the domestic barometer, something strange and inexplicable to me. Nothing harsh or discordant, but like the first faint vibrations of the wind-harp, inexpressibly sweet, pathetic and tender.

The children were early sent to bed, undressed by the busy hands of the mother, whose unwearied duties were her highest pleasures, and after saying "Now I lay me," they were soon asleep. The baby was sleeping in the cradle. Minnie came out from the bed-room, and went to her husband's side, laying her arm across the back of his chair. I was reading. Her tones were low and dove-like—"What is it, Harry—are you sick?"

"No, dear; quite well."

"Don't think I cannot see when you are

troubled, Harry; you know I am too shrewd for that."

"My business worries me a little, Minnie; that's all." His voice was strange and hoarse, and the arm of the wife gathered closer about his head.

"Oh, is that all? I feared that some of our friends were sick."

Supposing I should tell you that I am ruined, wife?"

"That would be very hard for you."

"And for you." He took the hand that was stroking his hair, and drew it to his lips.

"Tell me all about it, Harry; never mind Esther."

"Well, you see, dear,"—his voice sounded more cheerful—"that Gray knew all about it when he came from New York, but he did not tell me; said he was waiting for a letter; and to-day it came, and the Air-line stocks are worth nothing since gold went up last. Gray won't mind it, for he has a handsome property besides; but I shall have little except my small farm in Glenburne. I would not mind it if it were not for you and the children, Minnie; but after I have striven so hard to make a home for you—" He could not go on.

"Now, Harry, how can you feel so badly about such trifles? But there, I suppose men set their whole hearts on money, while we poor foolish women only care for our husbands and children."

"Why, Minnie! What do you suppose I should care for property, except for the sake of my family?"

"But when you know your wife and children don't care for it, as long as we are all well and happy, how can you be so wretched when you have lost a little?"

"But you care how you live, don't you, dear?"

"Certainly; I want enough to eat, and drink, and wear, and I know the little farm at Glenburne will furnish that, for it's a nice little farm, if you do speak so lightly of it. It will be time for me to mope when that's gone."

Such a bright, cheerful philosophy as she rattled off, in her childish way, with here a dash of sarcasm, a wilful pout, and there a deep strain of tender pathos, all of which fell upon the troubled heart of the husband as the summer rain falls upon parched and drooping garden, lifting it up into its native strength and manliness, and in his soul he blessed the kind Father, who had given him such a blessing as this patient, cheerful, self-sacrificing help-meet.

I kept on reading; but I thought of Dyer's noble panegyric upon the good wife and mother:—

"No angel, nothing superhuman,
But a good wife—a virtuous woman."

"How can you give up this nice house, and go back to Glenburne?"

"I should be delighted, and so would the children. The country is the best place for them, after all. Rosa is getting too white from staying in-doors so much."

"You can't have your new furs this winter."

"Who wanted them? I told you my old ones were as warm as ever they were."

"You're the strangest woman! I don't believe you would care if I lost every cent I have!"

She laughed merrily—such a bird-like, happy laugh. The baby stirred in the cradle. "Oh, Esther, he thinks I haven't the least bit of pride or ambition in the world!"

The next moment her tears were falling on his shoulder. Such April weather! smiles, and tears, and sunshine. Yet over all the rainbow of peace, and love, and promise was gleaming.

"I was only thinking, Harry," brushing away the tears, "how small is the loss of a few hundred dollars compared with the loss we might know. We shall never miss it, while we are contented, and well, and happy. But if we should lose each other, or one of the children—oh, Harry!"

There had been clouds, and darkness, and portentous gloom; but now the sun was shining, and Harry Smith came out of the shadows and stood in the sunlight; for he said with his quaint humor, though he could not hide the thrill of tender emotions—"You see how it is, Miss Snow. She won't let me have my own opinions. She won't even let me be miserable, if I want to ever so much. Gray felt so badly—said his wife was so wretched about it she was almost sick, because they couldn't move into town this winter; so I concluded my wife would be sick abed, for she isn't one of the strong minded sort, like Mrs. Gray. Minnie, who rules this establishment, you or I?"

"Well, I guess I have things pretty much to my liking. I think I should be very foolish to let you have your own way, when you are determined to make us all blue and wretched—wouldn't I, Estie?"

"Of course you would."

"I believe I'm the victim of a feminine

conspiracy! Minnie, let's have a song," opening the piano.

So the sweet child-wife, all unconscious of the radiant glories of her wifely devotion, sat down to the piano, and we forgot the trials and perplexities of the working world, and all its recent gloom, in the sweet melodies we sang, and an untold peace fell like balm upon our hearts in the magic harmony of our closing song—"Sweet Home."

Alone in the "best chamber," I went over the intricate problem again.

Eureka! And this is the solution: Some women are selfish, and love their own comfort and happiness better than anything else in the world. Others are unselfish, and know no happiness but in the happiness of those they love, and blessed is the man who can say—"I have found her."

Looking into the crucible again that night, I saw it was indeed all "pure gold."

LAST YEAR.

BY LYDIA M. RENO.

Last year when the blossoms fell,
Drifting from the tree,
One who said he loved me well
Went away from me.

Said he—"Ere the winter snow
Whitens o'er the plain,
Loving tenderly as now,
I will come again."

Well, I waited patiently,
Summer came and went,
With their load of frost and snow,
Laden branches bent.

Now the May has come again,
Of another year,
Drifting fall the apple blooms,
Yet he is not here.

When I ask my wondering soul—
Loves he now, as then?
But one solemn voice to me
Answereth again.

Love like this cannot be lost,
Truth can never die,
Deathless will it live on earth,
Deathless in the sky.

Where the blossoms never fade,
By the Golden Throne,
Through a long, long summer time,
He will be thine own.

So forever the refrain
Answers to my call—
From eternity's white tree
Blossoms never fall.

JESSIE.

BY SARA A. WENTZ.

It was a dreary September morning that greeted the eyes of a well-looking girl of seventeen, as she ran from the door and gathered a few artemisias to throw in her trunk as a keepsake; she was going to start on a journey; she felt that she would be considered silly to carry the flowers in her hand, for she was leaving a hard, prosaic home, where she had hidden little refinements of feeling, as she now sought to conceal and crush the artemisias from sight; she wanted something to remind her of the breezy joy that had often swept over her when she had passed down the path and had sought the woods with her little cousins, for she was their nursery-maid; so she mentally called herself, when she was angry, and she was angry almost every day, though darkening eyes and deeply flushing cheeks had only told it of late, and that was because she had made up her mind to leave her Cousin Martha's home as soon as she could earn her bread elsewhere. She had applied to a dress-maker to teach her her trade, and was awaiting a reply, when the hungriest hope of her life met a sudden fruition; her uncle returned from South America, and invited her to live in his new home in Boston; he was her mother's brother, and she had many a time received a letter and a Christmas gift from him, though she had not seen him since her seventh year; at that time he had said, "You shall live with me when I get rich, Jessie, and have a wife and a house!"

He had come for her, and as she looked for the last time from her window, the heavy atmosphere seemed a fine aura; her narrow world was penetrated with sunbeams. "You look awful glad!" said her little Cousin Mattie.

Her heart answered, "I feel as if I am going straight to perpetual joys!" but her lips only kissed the child in silence. She had said inwardly a thousand times, "Some day I shall set my back against this house forever!" and the hour was nigh; it was invigorating, exultant, and she could have danced with delight. Her Cousin Peter and his wife Martha were not very dreadful people; they merely regarded Jessie as a young girl capable of a given amount of work; they thought her quick-tempered, proud, and disposed to fits of idleness—they thought reading was a waste of

time. They placed great stress upon material prosperity, and Jessie longed for spirit-culture, that she might look into the great world and see, and hear, and feel the throbbings of its mighty heart—she vaguely prayed that there might be borne in upon her soul flute-like melodies and trumpet-toned calls to wile her fast-bound feet from the lowlands and marshes of existence. Heaven knows she needed a weird, silver-sounding call from the upper air, as did the stable-maid of yonder day, but so do we all, and the means used to extricate us from the primeval chaos of our natures, are not less miraculous than were the strange intimations to Joan of Arc. Methinks when we tread the shining shore and see the marvellous part that we thought so flat and commonplace translated to us, we shall veil our eyes at its mystic depth of meaning, and at the controlling height and power it rolled onward for us into the pearly gates; not until the celestial expanse arches over our spirits shall we know how God from the beginning set a day to divide the light from the darkness, and had a sun and moon and stars in the hollow of His palm to hang over the growing earth. Jessie had expected to work hard, for Mrs. Martha Gordon worked hard in her home; but the child thought of the education that was due her, and the matron thought of the bread and butter and feather bed that was given her, so there was incompatibility and present incapacity to see aught but what was *not* done.

Jessie had constriction of the heart in Mrs. Gordon's presence—her fluent tongue was benumbed; if she entered her room when she had a book or was copying verses to charm the hour, she started, and the gay abandon in her veins grew still and dry; there was some little witching in the child, but she was sensitive to the atmosphere of other minds, and she had power to blossom and run like a wild tropical vine in the sunshine, or to grow paralyzed under a clouded and cold sky.

When a carriage containing her Uncle Greyson came to the door, Jessie bade her cousins "good-by," with tears not of regret, but emotion. Mrs. Gordon caught sight of the brilliantly tremulous smile with which the young girl answered a question of her uncle's. "She is glad to go, she doesn't care for us!" And

she felt pained and injured; a prescience swept quickly into Jessie's thought, and leaning her face from the carriage window, she said, very softly—

"Oh, forgive me, forgive me all my sins! Good-by! I thank you!"

"What for?" asked Mr. Greyson, dryly, with a curved lip.

"I have been a trying child, I suppose. Cousin Martha's boys and girls have often teased and wearied me, and I must have troubled her from seven years old and upwards."

"Why hasn't she made you love her? It is her fault, not yours. I never suspected that you were situated just as I found you."

"It is over!" responded Jessie. "But, uncle, I hope you will be patient with me. I mean to do right, but I see now that—that I was not such a girl as they write memoirs about."

Her uncle smiled slowly beneath his black mustache; he was scarcely over thirty, and his smile was thoughtful, like that of a man still older.

"Is my aunt well?" questioned Jessie, not able to conceal an eager appeal that struck into her eyes more than her voice.

"Yes, quite well—she will be ready for us."

The orphan remembered that she had sent no message to her; she lingered upon her, hoping to learn that she had said one word about her that should guide her in understanding her fate.

"Is she handsome, uncle?"

"Very. She is not just like an American lady—she is partly French, partly Spanish. You know I married her at Rio Janeiro."

The sentences came out without alacrity, and stirred a dim foreboding in the girl's heart.

"I shall try to please her! sometimes I can please people, and sometimes I cannot. I am not afraid of you, uncle."

"Why not, Jessie?"

"You think I am not very bad, nor very dull! you think so because I am my mother's child."

"And you lean upon my thought, and are at liberty." He smiled as kindly as if he had been her father, and Jessie prattled on with an idle peace and pleasure in her heart, that chased the wonder about her beautiful aunt quite away. It was so refreshing not to have a torn apron on washing-day, for this was Monday, and the torn apron was a pet idea of Mrs. Gordon's; it was refreshing, too, not to

succumb to the nightmare in Cousin Martha's eyes, which paled her ineffectual fires, and made her feel awkward and unattractive. She had no correct estimate of herself yet; she was crude, uncultured, impressible; the finely-tempered steel that might in due time bend and sway and assert itself aloft with brief, yet sufficient defiance, was only in the chaotic furnace of her being, and could not gain its flexible strength except through fiery pain and conflict. The fresh New England breeze murmured now, "a new life! freedom! happiness!" She was travelling—yes, actually seeing something. Captain Cook's voyage was a trifle compared with her journey.

They reached Boston, and drove up to a fine residence. Jessie grew to herself ineffably faint and small when there came into the hall a lady of twenty-five; there was such a pomp of beauty about her—such flashing, large liquid black eyes—such brilliancy of pearly teeth and warm complexion—such exquisite clothes so exquisitely worn; that princess of the situation stood disguised in her lovely halo, and her queen had come in humble robes to her dwelling.

After meeting her husband warmly enough, Mrs. Greyson looked at Jessie, and said, not unkindly, yet without cordiality, "You are well, I suppose, Jessie. I'll send a servant to your room with you!" she shook hands with her, and smiled a little, but to the child's vision, the pomp of beauty rolled away like the vermeil and gold tintings of sunrise before the hurrying gray sheet of cloud; the face still had its beauty, but the rich delight of its first view was gone.

The little country girl settled down into her new life, and went to school, but shocks of pleasure met shocks of pain; glad friendships at school, and her uncle's kindly interest, were set off against her aunt's indifference and childish superciliousness. Often she sat down in a chair, and looked around her pretty chamber, with a lonely feeling, fearing that the great world as it grew larger, would grow more and more homeless to her; if her aunt Zadie's frivolous, contented laugh floated up stairs at such times, it seemed like an arrow that pressed the loneliness in more deeply; she sighed even for the heavy baby at Mrs. Gordon's, that it might make her feel how necessary she was to some human creature. One evening, when she was in this mood, her uncle called her down stairs to look at some engravings which a friend had just brought him. Mrs. Greyson was making some comments with an unappre-

ciative air, glancing furtively towards the mirror as she talked.

Mr. Greyson said to a gentleman—"John, this is my little niece, Jessie Brown, of whom you heard me speak when we were in South America together. Jessie, this is Mr. Bryant."

Mr. Greyson's hand had been resting on his friend's shoulder when the young girl entered, and he had not removed it. Jessie shook hands with a diffident air, for she was unused almost to so simple a thing as an introduction; then her eyes fell on the pictures, and she occupied herself with them wholly. Her uncle was a little disappointed that her reserve kept in check the pleasing, artless chat to which he loved to listen.

Mr. Bryant evidently thought her cast in a monotonous mould, for after one or two efforts to draw her out, he ceased altogether. He was a man of about twenty-seven, but he seemed old to Jessie, as such men often do to quite young girls. He and her uncle fell into conversation upon subjects that seemed deep and dry to her. Mrs. Greyson angled them back to herself sometimes with a remark about her tangled worsted, or a spider that ran across the floor and disappeared before it could be captured. Her manner seemed to imply that she knew herself to be charming. Jessie moved quietly away from the table near which the group was sitting, and applied herself to her lessons, for she was a school-girl now.

When ten o'clock came, her finger was in her place in her book, but her head was drooped on the back of her chair, and she was fast asleep, with a weary look about her mouth. Her movements had been so noiseless, that Mr. Bryant had forgotten that she had not left the room. There was such forgetfulness in her attitude, that the three others smiled as they looked at her when the guest arose to go.

"A very stylish girl!" said Mrs. Greyson, ironically.

"She simply thought herself a school-girl and of no consequence!" answered her husband.

Mr. Bryant left without her waking, but there seemed to him a charm in her absence of self-consciousness when he contrasted her with certain fast young ladies. He was an habitual visitor at Mr. Greyson's, and after awhile he came to take her uncle's place in unravelling her school problems.

Mrs. Greyson had a brother of about twenty who was handsome, witty, and superficial; he often made Jessie laugh heartily, and laid his hand over the page she was reading to divert her thoughts to himself; if she went to her

room to be quiet, he walked, singing, before her door, and rapped and repeated nonsense until she would promise to come into the parlor and study. His cheerful pleasure in her seemed to neutralize his sister's careless indifference, and made the house seem more like a home.

Mr. Bryant observed the somewhat deteriorating influence which Henri Valdesse had over Jessie, but without referring to it especially, he said to her once when they were alone—

"The time you lose now, you lose forever and forevermore."

The words made a profound impression upon her, and awakened within her that deep discontent and anguished aspiration which fore-run a change of purpose and character. Her teacher was a large-hearted, earnest woman, who kindled in her pupil's souls enthusiasm for a philanthropic career. Jessie loved her with a passion of admiration; all the warm tides of her defrauded nature set towards her as if she had been a mother; sometimes she lingered after school for a long talk, and she was only too happy when the precious hand stroked her hair. She always went away from these conversations with thoughts that panted and heaved to do a great, good work, and she said fervently, "I must! I will!" without really knowing how her zeal was to be applied.

Thus two years rolled away. She had just left school, when a missionary and his wife came to visit at the house. Mr. and Mrs. Greyson had known them in South America; they were going back to their work soon; but as the lady's health was poor, they were looking for a competent young woman to teach in her place.

When Jessie heard them speak of this, an eager fire awoke in her heart; she had often longed to visit that tropical clime when she had heard her uncle and Mr. Bryant speak of it. She followed the lady to the conservatory, and told her all her heart with suppressed agitation. Then the missionary was called; her offer to go with them was regarded with pleasure. Jessie waylaid her uncle at the street door when he came in, with lustrous eyes and rose-red cheeks, and took him to the library, where she wept and coaxed and entreated with such earnest and deep eloquence that he promised to think of her plan. The next day he consented. It was not before she awoke to know that she loved Mr. Bryant; but she would not draw back.

Three weeks from that day she stood upon a vessel's deck, bidding adieu to her home for two years: by her side was Henri Valdesse;

his time was at his own command, and he had resolved to visit his parents when he could have good company on the passage. He had vehemently opposed Jessie's foolish scheme, as he called it; the girl did not realize why, or that he loved her with an absorption that seems almost singular in shallow natures. He had not made her an offer of his hand in his sister's house, feeling instinctively that she would persecute Jessie if he did. He stood beside her now, pale and grave, revolving in his mind how he should ask her to become his wife at the end of two years—and fearing the result of his question.

As the ship dropped slowly and gracefully away from the wharf, Jessie's heart was seized with a mortal anguish; every instant she had watched for one familiar face, hoping against hope that it would appear at the last moment.

Miserable heart! it knew itself only too late. It was after her hasty plans were decided upon in her own mind, that there floated into her affrighted consciousness this new knowledge; ungrateful that she was, she felt that she could let go of every hand upon earth save one; she felt that the little faces that had beckoned to her from a southern clime might drift off without her help; a desert island would seem fair if one were beside her—and now the poor clay voyaged away, while her soul clung in farewell to one she could not see.

Mr. Bryant had left the city for a month, and had not returned; he had not the least knowledge of Jessie's new movement. His absence had taught him much, and often in the depths of his spirit he had murmured, "My queen! my child!"

He had just reached Mr. Greyson's house, and was pacing the parlors with a happy smile, looking for Jessie, when an old servant entered and told him the whole story, and that Mr. and Mrs. Greyson had not yet returned from seeing the young lady embark. He was glad to be alone in that miserable hour.

It was at the same moment that Jessie left her companion with a forced smile and sought her state-room to give way to the wretchedness that devoured her—a step that is important in one's life is almost always oppressive. Darkness closed around her; a sense of loneliness and incapacity swept in and drowned her in its bitter floods. Ah, then it was that the soaring angel was loosed within her—the prisoned angel of renunciation! Then it was that she learned the agony and passion of prayer, and martyr-like smiled at last up into the eyes of God, and offered Him her sacri-

fice. Then came to her a larger love for her work, and a temporary consent to her desolation. Methinks to mortal eyes her lot would have seemed brighter had she been the beloved bride of him who yearned for her; but to angel eyes, I fancy, her destiny was growing fuller and fairer under Divine guidance; her sight was too dim to descry, except faintly, the golden glory that was in process of being evolved from her ordeal.

It was a relief to her to part with Henri Valdesse after the sea voyage, for his sad presence wearied and harassed her after she had dispelled his hopes. She did not know that it was his companionship which caused deep silence to fall across the distance which lay between her and John Bryant. She worked for God and man more earnestly because she was often sorrowful, and she turned a bright and tender face to all who sought for brightness from her. Her buoyant nature caught a thousand pleasures from the novelty of her life, and she loved to chronicle its fleeting incidents for her uncle's partial eyes.

So two years wore away, and then, one summer evening, she found herself in her old home. The white moonlight streamed through the long parlor windows, and she stood in its soft holiness weeping, for there was no one to welcome her, and the old desolation came back upon her. She had not been expected that day, and her uncle and aunt were at a concert. She had dropped her bonnet upon a chair, and she leaned both arms upon the low marble mantel, and buried her face upon them. The picture-gallery of her spirit was open that night, and she wandered among the dissolving views of the past with loving pain.

"Jessie!" said a low voice at her side.

She started with a tremulous exclamation, then held out her hand. A kiss fell upon her forehead. She was not astonished; it seemed only natural.

"The servant told me you were here, Jessie," said Mr. Bryant.

"The very servants are all new," she said. "there was no one to welcome me!"

"And if I should say, forever welcome, Jessie, what then?" he asked, almost unconsciously taking her two hands within his.

Her head drooped slowly, and was drawn to his breast.

"Then you have remembered me!" he breathed.

"Yes."

"My queen! my child!" he softly uttered, "you have come home at last!"

KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

GEORGE IV.

George IV. came to the throne January 29, 1820. He had held the office of regent for ten years, on account of the indisposition of his father. He was crowned at Westminster, July 19, 1821. When young, he had a fair complexion, a handsome face, and an elegant person. His mind was cultivated, his manners dignified and graceful, his capacity for business good, and his feelings warm and benevolent; but his temper was quick and unforgiving, and he was easily offended. His father was anxious that his education should be complete in every particular, and his tutors were very able men, who, in their zeal to do their duty faithfully, kept him under what he considered great restraint; so that on being free from their government, he entered on a life of folly and extravagance, and in the society of many gay companions, spent his time in frivolity and dissipation, regardless of his character or his station. Though at this time he had a large allowance from government, yet his personal expenses were so enormous, that in 1794, when he was thirty-two years of age, his debts amounted to about three and a-half millions of dollars. This extravagance, when the people were loaded with taxes, and in many parts of the kingdom were actually suffering for want of food, excited the contempt of the public and the serious displeasure of his father, who, in the hope that his character might be benefited by marriage, promised to pay his debts if he would marry a lady that was selected for him.

George IV. was fifty-eight years old when he succeeded his father, George III. His mother was the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg Strelitz. His coronation was attended with the greatest splendor and magnificence, and the ceremony cost the nation nearly a million and a half of dollars. The king's early friends had been the Whigs; but he withdrew himself almost entirely from public and political affairs after his marriage, till he was made regent in 1810, when he retained his father's ministers in office, who were of the Tory party. But now, when he was king in his own right, it was expected he would appoint those to office who would act in accordance to the principles he had himself professed; but his

friends were disappointed; the Tories remained in power.

During the first half of his regency, the attention of the nation was directed to the great conflict with Napoleon on the Continent, and to the war with the United States; but after peace was restored, great discontent prevailed in all parts of the country, owing to many being out of employment, and much distress among the working people; and in 1816 a plot was formed to overthrow the government; but prompt measures were adopted, the habeas corpus act suspended, and many persons arrested, a few of whom were tried and executed. But this did not subdue the spirit of discontent, and it broke out again after three years in the manufacturing districts, when the troops were called out to disperse a mob of eighty thousand persons, who had collected at Manchester. Many persons were killed and wounded, which restored order for a time; but soon after the death of George III. a plot was formed to destroy all the ministers, who were to dine together on a particular day, which was not discovered till the day before it was to be put in execution, when those concerned in it were arrested, and being proved guilty, were put to death. A few months after, George IV. was crowned in England, he went to Hanover, and was crowned King of Hanover. The next year he visited Scotland, and was received with every demonstration of welcome. He also visited Ireland, where the people showed him great kindness and respect; but he was very unpopular in England, owing to his unkind treatment of the queen, for whom the people had much sympathy.

In 1827 Frederick, the second son of George III., died at the age of sixty-three, leaving no children. He had been commander-in-chief of the British land forces, and devoted himself with much success to the moral, social and military improvement of the army. The army erected a monument to his memory. His title was Duke of York, and after the death of the king's daughter, he became heir presumptive to the crown. This was a severe blow to the king, as he was his favorite brother, and after his death he secluded himself almost entirely from society.

The Earl of Liverpool died also at this time,

who had been Prime Minister for fifteen years, and was succeeded by Mr. Canning, who lived but a few months after his appointment. In January, 1828, the Duke of Wellington was made Prime Minister. He had been a successful general; his name was Arthur Wellesley, and he was the fourth son of the Earl of Mornington. He was born in Ireland, in May, 1769. He was educated at Eton, and afterwards attended a military school in France. He accompanied his brother, the Marquis of Wellesley, to India, and was appointed governor of the captured country. He remained in India eight years, and established an honorable fame. On his return to England, he was honored with the Order of the Bath. He next went to Portugal, and as commander-in-chief, he acquired fresh laurels, by which he gained the title of Viscount, and the thanks of Parliament.

In Spain he was successful against distinguished French generals, and the Spanish government rewarded him with the title of Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and the rank of a grandee of Spain. Parliament also increased his pension from two to four thousand pounds, and made him an Earl. For subsequent successes, he had a grant of two hundred thousand pounds, and the title of Marquis; also from Portugal the title of Marquis of Torres Vedras. He was afterwards raised to the rank of Field Marshal, and by Spain made Duke of Vittoria. In 1814 England created him a Duke, with a gift of four hundred thousand pounds. He was made Generalissimo of the allied forces, and after he gained the battle of Waterloo, he was made Prince of Waterloo by the government of the Netherlands. Parliament again voted him two hundred thousand pounds, and all the sovereigns of Europe bestowed on him rewards and honors.

The political union of England and Ireland was effected in 1800, but in this union nothing was done for the relief of the Catholics; but in 1829 the Duke of Wellington, then Prime Minister, obtained the passage of the bill for Catholic Emancipation, and the Relief Bill, by which the Catholics became eligible to almost all offices of state; the Corporation and Test Acts being both abolished, which had for a long time been very oppressive. Wellington died in September, 1852.

Great improvements were made in London in the reign of George IV. The Regent's Park was laid out as a pleasure ground, and planted with trees, and alterations were made in the other royal parks, which added much to their

beauty, as he possessed good taste and a love of display and magnificence.

Gas was now first used for lighting the streets; steamboats came into general use; and the first railroad in England on a large scale, that between Liverpool and Manchester, was constructed in this reign, and opened a few months after his death. For some time before his death, the king lived in seclusion, mostly in the Cottage, in Windsor Park, and was very unwilling to be seen, but by a few friends. When his physicians informed him that he could live but a short time, he received the information with firmness and composure. He died June 26, 1830, at the age of sixty-seven. He reigned ten years.

CAROLINE, QUEEN OF GEORGE IV.

The Princess Caroline, of Brunswick, in Germany, married her cousin, George Frederick Augustus Guelph, in 1795. She was very young and beautiful, and possessed all the accomplishments necessary for a queen of England. Her mind was cultivated, and her disposition kind and agreeable. He was thirty-three years of age at that time, as he was born August 12, 1762. He had been educated with much strictness, and to a good education and good talents, he united the graces of external appearance; but their union was not a happy one. Caroline led a very secluded life, shut out from court by the personal dislike of Queen Charlotte, though the king was always kind to her, and was her best and almost only friend, and soon after she lost his protection by his insanity, she left England, as her husband treated her with unkindness and neglect. He, by his dissipated mode of life, and the building of Carlton House, became involved in debt, though his income had been raised from fifty thousand to one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds, at the time of his marriage. They had one child, the Princess Charlotte, who, in May, 1816, married Leopold, Prince of Saxe-Coburg, and died within a year after her marriage.

Caroline returned to England soon after the death of George the Third, intending to be crowned with her husband. The people at every place to which she came on her journey, met her in great numbers, and manifested their love and respect in every possible way.

As she approached the city of London, the crowd became immense. They escorted her to the house where she took up her abode, the use of the palace assigned to the queen having

been denied her, which rendered her an object of general interest and commiseration. She had a great, good nature, was open and affable, and so devoid of pride or stateliness, that all were won by her condescension. The manner in which she was received only increased the king's bitterness against her, and by his direction a process was instituted before the House of Lords against Queen Caroline, to deprive her of her rights and the title of queen, and to dissolve her marriage with the king. The ministers were the king's agents in bringing the bill forward, but they were not really opposed to the queen; they considered her unjustly deprived of her rank.

Many witnesses were examined, but nothing was proved against her, and the bill was abandoned, to the extreme mortification of the king. The proceedings against the queen were a flagrant outrage of public decency. She requested to be crowned with the king, which was refused, and also her desire to be present on the occasion. On the morning of the coronation, she went to the Abbey, but was denied admittance, and had to retire. She returned in sadness to her residence, and her health declined from that day. She died August 7, 1821, being nineteen days after the coronation. She wished to be interred at Brunswick, but the king subjected her remains to insult; instead of the honors due to her rank, he ordered that they should not pass through the city of London; but the people were determined that they should, and effected their purpose, but not without bloodshed.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

GOING TO CHURCH.

BY E. A. MARTIN.

Once upon a morning dreamy,
When the air was soft and steamy,
With the mist of rising dew,
Down a shady lane a walking,
Went I with sweet Fanny, talking,
As young men and maids oft do.

Fanny was a winsome lady,
With long lashes, brown and shady,
Hiding eyes of deepest blue;
And I knew the heart so truthful,
Beating in her bosom youthful,
From the world was hidden, too.

Gayly were the robins singing,
Blithely were the young flowers springing,

Upward at the south-wind's call;
And the sunshine warm and golden,
Its pure light from none withholden,
Lay in beauty over all.

Little pulses, pink and pearly,
Which the spring had woven early,
In her dainty, magic loom,
In the balmy air were throbbing,
As the wind stirred softly, robbing
Orchard trees of their sweet bloom.

To a church we were proceeding,
Where the shady lane was leading,
But, ere we had gone half way,
Soft irresolution bound us,
And the beauty, smiling round us,
Pressed our lingering feet to stay.

So we fell to tying grasses
Long and slender, into masees,
Seated on a mossy knoll;
If they broke, our fate was broken;
And if not—safe was the token—
How we laughed to find them whole!

But ere long the church bells chiming,
With a solemn, mystic rhyming,
Woke us from our idle play;
And it woke the wild bird sleeping
In my heart, the secret keeping
Of my love for Fanny Grey.

It would have its song completed,
Willful bird! 'Twas not defeated,
But without one pause or hush,
In low tones, but half revealing
The deep fervor of its feeling,
Told its love in one wild gush.

Startled Fanny! How the blushes
Multiplied, till rosy flushes
Mantled neck, and brow, and cheek;
And the teardrops stole, unbidden,
From the sweet eyes that were hidden
Ere I could their blue depths seek.

But, not long ere timid flashes
Stole from out the tear-wet lashes,
That were drooping less and less;
Then a promise sweet was spoken,
Which has never since been broken;
What it was, why—you must guess!

But it linked my heart forever,
In a bond that nought can sever,
To the heart of Fanny Grey.
When you these events shall ponder,
Gentle reader, will you wonder
We were late at church that day?

CHRONICLES OF THE CLOVERSIDE FAMILY. NO. 4.

BY PAUL LAURIE.

I think I promised to relate my Uncle Robert's courtship and marriage to you, with Sigismund's also—I don't know but one should follow the other, therefore, I shall relate my Uncle Robert's first.

THE LAWYER'S MATCH.

When Mr. Robert Cloverside was in his twentieth year, he entered a law office in Philadelphia, at his father's request. I suppose Philadelphia lawyers must be a smart set generally; the gentleman who gave my uncle an office room in particular must have been a cunning schemer, as my story will show. When my uncle had had sufficient time to learn to keep his feet and hands out of people's way, and had peeled off the first ring of his country crust (for he was nothing but an awkward country boy; but quite handsome, as were all of the family), Mr. Gibbs, the lawyer, received a rather lengthy letter from my grandfather, in which he desired him, as his very particular friend, to acquaint himself with his son's habits and associates. He had some fears that a boy of his years might take it into his head to fall in love (doubtless he had not forgotten his own youth), and as he had already settled that part of his son's life, (so the letter said), any whim on the boy's part would give him serious annoyance. Accompanying this strange letter was one for the subject of all this solicitude, which lawyer Gibbs took occasion to hand to my uncle when that young man had seated himself at his morning's work, pausing to watch the effect. My uncle immediately opened and read his letter, blushing like a school-boy as he finished it, then glancing stealthily at his patron crammed the letter hastily in his pocket. That blush meant something. Mr. Gibbs was as quick as a flash to perceive and do. Without giving the boy time to invent a story, he called him aside, and without alluding in any way to the intimation received from my grandfather, proceeded to catechise the poor youth.

"May I inquire what there was in that letter which caused you to blush so perceptibly?" My uncle was dumb. "Because, as your friend and well-wisher, and especially

as your father's very particular friend, I desire to give you some necessary advice concerning your associates. Your father has been advising you against forming intimacies with reckless young men—has been warning you of the temptations of the gaming room and theatres?"

Still my uncle had no word to answer.

"Of extravagance then; young men are fearfully extravagant. Now, were I you I would be very careful how I expended the hard earnings of a father!"

"There you are wronging him!" exclaimed the young man, hastily. "He allows me everything I could ask; my father is extremely free, sir, with his money."

"Then why did you blush just now?"

"I suppose, sir, I must tell you. My father is afraid that—that I might fancy some of the pretty girls in the city, and"—

"Well, Robert, go on," said the lawyer, encouragingly.

"Why, he seems to think I am five years too young for that, and warns me not to look at them more than I would at the new moon, for he says they are just as far out of my reach."

"Very true," remarked Mr. Gibbs, dryly.

"Well?"

"That is all."

"Then you blushed because the advice came too late, eh?"

My uncle blushed again, this time painfully.

"How is this; you surely are not bitten already?" inquired the lawyer, sharply. Then seeing the young man silent, he added, in a more kindly tone—

"Because your father has requested me as his particular friend to see that you are not taken up by any silly, manœuvring girl, a contingency not at all improbable, considering that you must be unacquainted with the ways of city people. A reasonable love, at a reasonable age, I have no sort of objection to. But I see you will not confide in me, so I may save myself unnecessary trouble, Robert."

Cunning man! he knew that would open the boy's mouth.

"Oh! sir, I am not afraid to trust you with the truth; I have permitted myself to think some

little—I may say a great deal about a young lady here; but then I could not help it; it was all the merest accident, sir."

"Have you been telling that to the young lady?" with a smile.

"Not exactly."

"And this young lady, how old is she?"

"I do not know."

"Oh! of course you could not learn that so easy; but perhaps you know her name?"

Again my uncle blushed.

"And you have only been here four months."

"And nine days."

"Where does the lady live, Robert—how did you become acquainted with her?"

"Oh! she lives nearly opposite my boarding-house."

"Then they are well-to-do people. What did you say her name is?"

"To be honest, Mr. Gibbs, I do not know her name; but I will find out immediately. It was the merest accident, as I was telling you; I observed her dropping a letter, which I handed to her; she said thank you; I said nothing then, but afterwards we nodded, and then we spoke—that is the whole of it, sir. But of course you will not mention it to my father."

"That will depend on certain conditions, Robert; you will give me the lady's name to-morrow, and a word to you—remember your father's warning."

So far there was no harm done, Mr. Gibbs thought; but he thought proper to write to my grandfather, inquiring in a roundabout way the name and residence of the lady he had selected as the life partner of his son, whereupon my grandfather replied formally, without any concealment whatever, that the lady was a resident of Philadelphia named Briceland, that she would inherit some eighty thousand dollars, and finally that her father, who was a widower, had himself suggested the match. But in a postscript were these remarkable words, "I forgot to tell you that Briceland and I have given our hands on the marriage, so you will appreciate my solicitude about Robert."

Mr. Gibbs felt a trifle annoyed in spite of himself, for although five days had elapsed since his conversation with Robert, that young man had failed to acquaint him with the name of his lady love. He called Robert into his private room immediately upon pretence of assisting him to hunt up some valuable papers, trusting to accident to assist him in his object. My uncle, however, anticipated him; the moment the door closed he stammered—

"I only found out this morning the name of the lady we were speaking of the other day; Briceland, Emma Briceland."

"Briceland, Briceland! Never heard the name before," said the lawyer, musingly, looking up abstractedly the while; "how old might Miss Briceland be now?"

"I think about my own age—certainly not more, and maybe less."

"Is she pretty—that is, have you heard any one call her pretty—you will think her perfection; and the next question, is she rich?"

"I have heard her called very pretty; I do not know what she may be worth—I never gave a thought to that," replied young Disinterested, proudly.

"You told me you were on speaking terms; is she intelligent?"

"She is intelligent, quite, and very witty they say"—

"Don't you know it of your own knowledge?"

"Oh! when I said we spoke, I only meant we said good day to each other, not a word more."

Mr. Gibbs smiled. My uncle blushed to his eyebrows. At last Mr. Gibbs said—

"I suppose you have no opportunity to speak."

"That's just it; there is always somebody about, and I am very backward, being a total stranger; besides, no one knows me but you; I might be a rogue or anything they choose to think, for all the proof they have to the contrary."

"Well," said Mr. Gibbs, solemnly, "perhaps it would be as well to think no more of this Miss Briceland; did you not tell me your father thought you would have ample time to think of marrying at twenty-five."

"My father was not near so old when he married."

"Ah! you surprise me."

"He was only about twenty-one at farthest."

"But it seems your father has seen the folly of marrying so early."

"I am like my father," replied my uncle, with a smile, "I want to see the folly of it too."

"Decidedly you are improving, Robert. Now let me understand you, and you me. I have not informed your father of this"—

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Gibbs."

"Wait till I am done before you thank me."

"I will not tell him unless you yourself compel me; but you must ascertain without fail what property this young lady possesses, or will

come into, her exact age, and the variety of her accomplishments, and then, if everything is favorable, perhaps you may have my assistance."

"Indeed, indeed, Mr. Gibbs"—

"There, there! no thanks yet, wait till I earn them."

In due time Robert reported that Miss Emma was exactly nineteen, that she was said to be worth seventy thousand dollars; but about the accomplishments he could not say; he thought, however, that she could do anything which might reasonably be expected of a housewife. Mr. Gibbs thereupon expressed his satisfaction and dismissed Robert; five minutes afterwards he wrote to my grandfather—

"I take the earliest opportunity to inquire what would be the prospects of your son in case he should anticipate the wishes of Mr. Brieland and those you expressed in your letter to me. Do you desire your son to form an early acquaintance with the lady mentioned, or have you serious objections to a too early intimacy; because it might be in my power to further your desires, and I need scarcely assure you that my greatest pleasure lies in the slightest service I may be able to render to an old and valued friend." To which my grandfather immediately replied that he had not the slightest objection to the immediate acquaintance of the young people, provided they were not permitted to quarrel; he had a dread lest they might *incline* to quarrel, it was so common for young people to act contrary. When Mr. Gibbs received this reply, he smiled to himself knowingly; he conceived a little project at once. He took occasion to draw his young student into a conversation upon the inevitable topic, and jestingly inquired what progress he had made in his love affair. My uncle could only answer that he was losing rather than gaining ground; he hesitatingly admitted that the fates were against him; he had not even the pleasure of nodding to the lady during the last week.

"Do you know what I would do were I in your place?" demanded the cunning lawyer.

"Study more."

"Oh, no, I remember when I was once young myself. No! I would find means to acquaint the lady with a frank statement of my situation and feelings."

"How?"

"Did you not say she lived opposite your boarding-house?"

"I am slow at comprehending, sir."

"The rose-trees are blooming—why not toss one into her room?"

"To be sure; but what would that advance me!?"

"Why, in studying botany, for instance, she might make the discovery that you also loved roses, that you chose that particular flower to convey to her"—Mr. Gibbs paused. My uncle blushed crimson, and there the conversation dropped; but my uncle did not forget the idea suggested. Selecting a proper time and place, he literally shot a rose in full bloom into his charmer's window, just when she was looking out at him; the rose contained a very pretty confession of love, which was very neatly answered; my uncle's well matured plan proved a glorious success. The young lady was rather an indifferent scribe, and she had evidently mislaid her spelling book; but what young man in love ever paused to consider such a small trifle as that. He hugged her tender missives to his heart after the most approved theatrical method.

Now it was wholly impossible that all these signs should escape the keen eyes of lawyer Gibbs; yet that astute individual only smiled satisfactorily over the young man's delusion. But even he was startled out of all propriety one day some weeks afterwards, when my uncle hinted at a change in life; he said he had been calculating how very cheap two people could live, compared with the expenses attendant upon the mere living of one.

"You surely do not entertain such an idea?" queried the lawyer. "What will your father say?"

"I don't intend to tell him just yet; nor will I compromise my best friend, and I mean you now, Mr. Gibbs."

"But supposing your father hears of this movement, as he may at any time, what will you do?"

"Why, then," returned Young America, proudly, "I shall act exactly as the exigencies of the case may demand."

Thereupon down sat Mr. Gibbs and acquainted my grandfather of the fact that his hopeful son had formed a very strong attachment for Miss Brieland, which he had reason to believe was returned by that young lady. But never a word concerning the projected marriage. The shrewd man sincerely hoped that that event would occur before either of the parents would be forewarned in time to interfere, and then the lawyer flattered himself that he would have the sole credit of having managed the affair so adroitly. It

would not hurt him; it would only prove to the world that he was capable of prosecuting everything he undertook to a successful issue. So, when my uncle informed him one day rather sorrowfully that he would be compelled to disobey his father, Mr. Gibbs only smiled, his knowing smile, begging to be informed when the happy event would take place; to which my uncle responded, gayly, in a day or two at farthest; his Emma had consented, and as for himself, he was competent to choose for himself; but Miss Briceland's fortune alone, he felt sure would appease his father's wrath, if he should at all incline to indulge in that superfluous recreation.

My dears, as the saying is, you may stick a pin there. Young people always have, and always *will* continue to laugh at older and wiser heads than their own.

Well, there was an elopement. A very quiet elopement; not resembling in the most remote degree the thrilling things they get up in cheap novels and low theatres; my uncle met his Emma at a respectable store; they walked away as two friends just met, and entered a plain carriage, which bore them to a reverend gentleman famous for his love of tying knots in the dark at the rate of five dollars, although the courts had twice compelled him to pay a heavy fine for the amusement, and there my uncle succeeded in securing me another aunt.

Contrary to Mr. Gibbs' preconceived notions, nobody came to inquire the whereabouts of his runaway student, not one. There was a commotion in Mr. Briceland's; but it was a merry affair, and soon over. So, when the third day had passed and still no questions were asked of Mr. Gibbs, that gentleman began to wonder when his rocket would explode—he did not permit himself to dwell on the fact for one moment even that his rocket had *not* gone up, simply because it was only a stick, and a very poor stick at that. But he waited patiently until some one would advise him of the explosion by calling his attention to the stars, which he fondly imagined would scintillate brilliantly over the little world he belonged to.

Upon the fourth day my uncle called upon him. There was a peculiarly sad expression resting upon his handsome face as he stood up face to face with his preceptor, not deferentially, not impudently, but simply and unaffectedly independent.

"My dear boy, I wish you a world of happiness!" exclaimed Mr. Gibbs, affecting extreme joy at meeting him.

"I am very much obliged to you; I am in-

deed, for I can assure you I will need more wishes than yours," was the calm reply.

Whew! thought Mr. Gibbs. Here is a small tempest already, or I am mistaken. Can she be a—*a tartar*, and only three days married. No! I don't believe it.

"You speak dejectedly, Robert. May I in"—

"I came to tell you everything."

"So! indeed, go on; I am listening."

"In the first place I did not marry Miss Briceland." Mr. Gibbs pushed back his gold rimmed spectacles and stood bolt upright.

"And in the second place I did marry Miss Emma Phillips, Miss Briceland's paid," continued my uncle bravely, still looking the lawyer squarely in the eye. Here the lawyer clinched his chair till his nails sank into the wood. "In the third place," resumed my

uncle, calmly, "I never loved Miss Briceland; she never loved me, while Miss Phillips and I did and now do devotedly love each other. I may add that she never deceived me in any manner; which necessarily involves the confession that I thought I was courting the mistress when I courted the maid, and *that* you and everyone else will say was the act of a simpleton. But," continued my uncle, in a deep voice, "I am very proud of my choice after all, only I want the truth broke to my father. You see, were it possible to explain this satisfactorily, as in strict accordance with the facts, I would do it at once; but I think you can do this better than I can, without in any manner prejudicing either of us."

"My dear, sir," began the lawyer, assuming his business manner at once, "you are the proper person to do that; now that you are married, were I to say anything in the way of apology, it would seem that you had not the moral courage to brave the consequences of your own act."

"Do you not admit, Mr. Gibbs, that you also have had some share in this unfortunate mistake, as my father will term it. Had you not hinted at the means to be employed to secure a perfect understanding, do you not think that in all probability I would have hesitated before entering into this new engagement. I speak as a man to a man—but a few days ago I was a mere boy; it seems to me to-day, that, in spite of myself, I have become a man. One heedless act has changed the whole current of my life. Remember always that I feel perfectly competent to live, in some fashion, independent of my father; but I recoil from the very thought of attempting to explain to

him the exact state of the case, how I argued that in suiting myself I also would suit him. Now, when I reflect how much I owe to that father; when I think how much pain my conduct will give him, believing that I have deliberately set about deceiving him, why, as I said before, I cannot face him with even the truth in my mouth."

"If your affection is so great as that, it ought to carry you a step farther; you ought to say to your father exactly what you have said to me," replied the lawyer coolly. At that my uncle turned from him with an imprecation, when suddenly, as if he had been shot into the room, my grandfather stood facing them both. His countenance informed them that he had heard every word of this strange conversation; scowling upon his old friend as he laid his hand heavily upon his son's shoulder, he uttered but these words, "Oh! most faithful guardian; but for *your* meddling he would have discovered his error," he turned short around and led my uncle away. There was no need of explanation; there was no anger, no stiffness, no sign of regret on the brow of my stout-hearted grandfather; he welcomed Miss Emma Phillips, the waiting-maid who had faithfully served Miss Briceland, just as he would have welcomed Miss Briceland herself, and so did every member of his family, and my uncle Robert enjoyed his honey-moon as well as perhaps nine out of ten of newly married people do.

No! my dears, I never pretend to tell moral stories; there may be a moral in that story; but you must find it yourselves.

And now I will relate Uncle Sigismund's courtship.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

Whether it was that my grandfather learned a lesson from my Uncle Robert's marriage, or whether he trusted more to his son Sigismund's judgment and knowledge of human nature, I cannot say; but instead of bothering his head with projects for that young man to carry out, he simply saw to it that he had a classical education, and when Sigismund had arrived at his majority, instead of fettering him either one way or other, he placed two hundred dollars in his hand, saying, quietly—

"There, that is as much as my father could afford to give me; take it and do as you please with it, remembering that in accepting it you are not to claim any help from me as long as you retain your health and strength, and remembering also, that you have an excellent

education, which I never had and never expect to now."

Sigismund was a manly, self-reliant, energetic, independent young man as ever hurled a ball or pulled an oar; he thanked his father warmly, and expressed his intention to seek "his fortune" immediately. My grandmother scolded and fretted; Sigismund was blithe and abundant in promises of good conduct; my grandfather smoked his pipe silently and said nothing. So, on the third day after he received his money (which was handed him in gold), he packed his worldly goods in a small trunk and bade farewell to his birth-place, with a bright smile and a high heart. And here, my dears, I want to call your attention to one thing; it would not take you long to reckon up on your fingers the young men of your acquaintance who could be trusted as far as my grandfather trusted Sigismund; you could sum them up on one hand. Which you must admit compels us to regret that we have cast aside much good with a little evil simply because it is old-fashioned.

Give me the old-fashioned home government, where the youth of both sexes were taught not only to be useful members of society, where the children obeyed implicitly the wishes of their parents, where age and good-breeding was honored above rank and money, where the grandmother knew the birth-days of her grandchildren and the grandchildren remembered the birth-day of their grandmother, where neither affected the manners and belongings of the other; but where you could tell the one by her cap and the other by her modesty, that is the sort of "style" I fancy best. But with all our march of improvement I am afraid we have too many Flora McFlimsseys; too many young Dogs instead of young men. I often think Dickens found his Dog on this side of the Atlantic; but then they are everywhere, wherever certain ideas prevail. I find so many well-dressed, well praised, "well-educated" young men, to use a common phrase, who slink out of sight the moment their father approaches them, solely because that father had the misfortune to devote his head and hands in an honorable employment under the mistaken conviction that in heaping up riches and educating his sons in idleness and luxury he was doing the best he could for them. So many dainty Misses who entertain the Dogs I have just alluded to in preference to relieving an overtasked mother of a portion of her duties and corroding cares; all bookish, all "highly intelligent," some of them "devoted to the arts,"

and all claiming the highest respect due ladies and gentlemen, that I sigh for a natural, good-hearted, healthy, useful young man and woman, as a traveller might long for a cool drink in the desert. My dears, the world it seems to me is all wrong now-a-days on one point; in the worship of intellect, genuine *goodness* appears to be wholly overlooked. Give me *good* people in preference to merely intellectual people. But to return to my story.

My Uncle Sigismund thought proper to set out just as he was, never giving a thought to his attire. It never occurred to him that he was a trifle out of fashion in the cut of his coat and the tie of his cravat; the principle thought which occupied his mind seemed to be, "What can I afford, now that my father has thought proper to see what stuff I am made of—and how can I get the most for my money?" He journeyed by coach to New Hampshire, and there he sat himself down at the village of R——.

There was a famous spring at R—— in those days; people visited it, not as they visit springs now-a-days, but to enjoy themselves for a day rationally, in a kind of business way. My uncle, if the truth must be told, had his eye on a horse, which he thought he could make some money out of, and although he was naturally very social, just then he resolved to devote his time to business rather than pleasure.

Fortune favored him; he bought the horse for one hundred dollars, added some trifling improvements to the saddle and bridle, rode him around during a portion of one day, and disposed of him that evening for one hundred and eighty; a clever turn for a young man, and one that was very much commented on, for the original owner of the horse talked freely of his stupidity in selling at a ruinously low rate.

On the same evening, my uncle for the first time visited the springs in company with a young gentleman about his own age, the son of a senator who had taken quite a fancy to my uncle; the senator's son was famed for his eccentricities; he wore what was then termed a *scamus*, made of red flannel, such as you may observe any farmer wear in the regions of our own mountains, and in fact in almost any State in the Union. My uncle was similarly attired, without neck-tie, wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat, but looking the handsome, fearless fellow that he really was.

The springs were simply roofed over, with rude stone steps carelessly placed for visitors to descend to the water. A tin cup fastened

to the wall beside the water served alike the high and the low. When the independent young gentlemen approached the spring they found no one to prevent them from drinking; the visitors were promenading at some distance, all save one party of three, an elderly gentleman and two ladies, who might have been his daughters or nieces, who occupied one of the rude seats at the extreme end of the shed which covered the springs. The senator's son quaffed deeply of the limpid water; my uncle in his turn was about to lift the cup to his lips when the party they had observed left their seats and approached the spring, upon which my uncle, with the manners of a true gentleman, raised his hat and proffered the full cup to the lady nearest him. The other lady also drank, and my uncle had refilled the cup for himself when another party approached, a young, handsomely dressed man with a lady on each arm.

"Here, fellow!" was this gentleman's salutation, in a peremptory tone, as he glanced superciliously at my uncle, "hand this lady that cup."

The senator's son's eyes flashed; he looked directly at my uncle, as did the old gentleman and the ladies who accompanied him. My uncle did not remark the looks which were bestowed upon him; raising his head proudly, flashing a defiant glance upon the new comer, he uttered but one word; but that word might be construed to express either anger, surprise, contempt or scorn, or all four.

"Sir!"

"You heard—hand this lady that cup."

There was no mistaking that lordly air and voice, which, even in those days seemed to say, "Obey me; I am your superior; I am a Southern gentleman, while you are nothing, nobody." In an instant, and before any one imagined what was about to happen, my uncle dashed the full cup of water straight into his insulter's face. Then clinching his fists, he advanced upon him with the swiftness of fury, exclaiming, in a deep harsh tone—

"How dare you address such language to me? Who are you, sir, that arrogates the manners of a master addressing his slaves; apologize instantly, or I will pummel you within an inch of your life."

The crestfallen Southerner stooped to lift his hat; his companions clung to his arms, beseeching him to beg the stranger's pardon, the elderly gentleman smiled grimly; his companions, together with a few loungers who observed this scene, moved nearer the

principle actors, when the senator's son said, in his keen, cutting way—

"Yes, you must apologize to my friend immediately, otherwise when he settles his difficulty I may trouble you with this," placing his card in the Southerner's hand as he spoke.

"Ah! I was not aware—in short—in fact your dress, gentlemen, deceived me," stammered the discomfited slave owner. "Had I thought for one instant that I was addressing a gentleman!"

My uncle turned away on his heel with all the pride of a prince in his step.

"I am perfectly satisfied," said his friend, and he, too, followed my uncle, while the elderly gentleman said, in a grave tone—

"You should treat all men with civility at least—it is a poor plan to judge a man by his coat."

Now, I have related the story to you exactly as I received it from Senator R. T—— of Indiana, who was present at the time, and upon whom the incident made a deep impression, for it was the first time he had had the pleasure of witnessing a rebuff so very decided and unsparingly administered to a class of people who, even at that period, imagined themselves infinitely superior to the honest toilers of the North. And he admitted to me also, that the remembrance of that incident often influenced his decisions when he occupied the Speaker's chair in the House during the last administration of General Jackson.

So you perceive fortune willed it that my uncle should be remarked at the very outset. During the week he remained at R——, everybody was talking of his shrewdness, and courage, and beauty; for he was remarkably handsome. But at the end of a week he accepted his friend's invitation to accompany him home—the senator's son since the affair at the spring roomed, ate, drank with him; became his veritable shadow.

At Senator B——'s house my uncle became acquainted with several charming people, all rich, well-bred, and some of them occupying high positions. He upon his part possessed unusual tact and a fine address; that and his thorough education rendered him a useful and agreeable companion. Although only plainly dressed, he was universally remarked, and as he only strove to while away a few days as pleasantly as he passively could, being desirous to return the friendship of young B——, he found himself called to play a prominent part in various pleasure parties, excursions, &c. It was a ceaseless round of enjoyments;

most of the people were total strangers, and the few he became intimate with he argued he might never meet again. It was in this frame of mind that he prepared for the last party in which he would participate. And yet, short as the time had been, he half acknowledged that he would remember at least *one* face and one form he had met daily since his arrival at the senator's residence; a very Hebe, whose smile exalted him to the skies, whose pout made him really miserable. This Hebe he doubted not would be his partner again as usual; chance or design (he thought the latter, for there was always a malicious smile upon young B——'s lips when my uncle devoted his attention to Miss Amberthwaite) had thrown them together ever since he entered the house.

As my uncle was meditating and preparing for the party, he heard the sound of voices in the hall below him; his door was ajar; every word ascended to his ear.—"Or that handsome Cloverside," said a ringing voice he remembered very well, concluding a sentence.

"Mattie!" exclaimed another voice, a very soft low voice. The speakers paused.

"Well, strange things might happen, Hester. By the by, he leaves us to-morrow, and who will take his place? Do you know now, I really believe he fancies you. Dearie me! if he would only turn those grand eyes on my poor face as he looks upon you."

"Are you *sure* he leaves to-morrow, Mattie?"

"Now see the blushes! What is there to blush for—yes, to-morrow. I heard Clarence B—— give orders to have the horses ready by four to-morrow to take him away."

"Well, Mattie, he wont go to-morrow at least."

"Heigh ho! How will you prevent it?"

"I can't say just yet; but he wont go to-morrow."

"Take care, I'll wager you my new point against that head-dress of yours he goes."

"Very well—but never a word of this, Mattie."

"Oh! I'm so proud of my head-dress;" the remainder was lost to my uncle as the couple resumed their walk.

My uncle paused in his work, one hand holding aloft his hair-brush, while the light came and went in his fine face. "Miss Amberthwaite will compel me to remain over to-morrow! Can it be possible!" Then he hugged a sweet thought to himself, sat down composedly and made a calculation. "No! I must not think of it, it would be folly. I

must to work, and if"—he walked across the room two or three times slowly, then resumed the dressing of his hair coolly, while his lips closed determinedly. A few minutes afterwards he sauntered out after Clarence B——.

The party was piscatorial; none of your fishing parties, my dears; in those days they caught fish. And my uncle's partner was Miss Hester Amberthwaite, the belle.

Ah! my dears, I must confess to a strong partiality for fishing parties; such fishing as good Izaak taught. You have fished, my dears. Did you ever, when the sport became dull, when the fish denied themselves a nibble even, and your string was full; when you felt drowsy enough to sojourn in the land of Nod, stretch yourself lazily in the shade, where the waving boughs fanned you while you gazed down into the crystal water gliding past you, or humming a low song in a purling eddy?

You never let your line trail away from you while you were half dreaming at the water's edge; never was aroused from the dream suddenly to a state of perplexed reality with a gill or two of water dripping from your ears, and a saucy piece of mischief laughing at your surprise? You don't remember that you ever packed away in roomy baskets sandwiches, pies, wine bottles, cheese, butter, &c., with the utmost care, determined that nothing should be forgotten; and when you opened them in a hungry eagerness discover that you had overlooked the knives and forks, or the salt; or that the vinegar had found its way into the sugar, or that the milk had drank up the pepper and salt? Then you have my sympathy, for you have never participated in a *genuine* fishing party.

The party my uncle attended on the last day of his visit to Senator B——'s house was a genuine fishing party; the mishaps and incidents were many, and mirth-provoking. And among the rest, I must not omit the incident where my uncle lost his heart irrevocably. It was a little after the lunch, or dinner, that my uncle, as he sat beside his companion a little distance removed from the rest, remarked in a quiet way—

"What a pity we couldn't remain together always; we are such a happy party."

"Then we would never desire a better world," replied the lady, quickly, at the same time thinking here was a fine opportunity. "They tell me you leave us to-morrow, Mr. Clover-side."

"Yes, I have dallied here too long I fear for my own good." (Sentimentally.)

Miss Amberthwaite, never remarking the air of her companion, "Now, why don't you prolong your visit? If our party is so happy, why are you so anxious to leave us? Can you expect to find better amusement elsewhere?"

"Amusement! I beg your pardon, I should be at work."

"Nonsense, there is plenty of time for that; besides, you are quite useful to us, and you know it."

"I! I beg your pardon a second time; but I do not know it."

"Then know it now, sir. And remember that we claim your company the balance of the week."

"I'll tell you what," replied my uncle, as he eyed his line, which at that moment vibrated peculiarly, "there is something on my line; if it is a bass, I will leave to-morrow, as I intended; if it is anything else I will remain a day longer."

"Fie! Mr. Clover-side. (*Archly*) Now if I should request you to remain the balance of the week, on behalf of the rest of the company, what would your answer be?" At that moment my uncle landed a fine bass.

"I should reply that, having secured a bass weighing at least three pounds. I must decline," replied my uncle, calmly—adding, the next instant, in a matter of fact way, "You have lost your wager."

Miss Amberthwaite blushed vividly; my uncle withdrew his hook from the bass calmly. There was a pause, at last Miss Amberthwaite managed to say—

"Since you know I have lost my wager, will you tell me what it was?"

"That I would remain over the morrow; the stake, your head-dress against Miss McDonald's point," replied my uncle, instantly; but this time he looked directly into his companion's face. That face was scarlet now, scarlet with shame and anger. A longer pause ensued, which was broken by my uncle abruptly saying—

"It all depends upon your answer, Miss Amberthwaite, whether I go or stay. You know nothing about me; I am just past twenty-one; I am poor and unknown. I am thrown amongst people, by the merest chance, who are far above me in a social sense. But I have received a classical education—my name is a good one, for my father bore a prominent part in the Revolution, and that is all I have to say concerning my people. You belong to a proud family I am told; you are an heiress. I have only known you six days, yet I have

been compelled to break through at least one of the resolutions I made in leaving my father's house. I think any one else would have broken the resolution sooner than I did. I will say no more. I may add that, as I have my way to make, and a firm belief that I can and will make it, if you do not think me presumptive or mad, I will still indulge in the dream I entered upon two days ago, hoping that it may have a happy ending. If you utter one single word I will remain the balance of the week; if you do not say anything, I will carry out my original intention under the belief that you permit me to dream on."

During the delivery of this brief speech the blushes came and went upon Miss Amberthwaite's pretty cheeks, like the flushes on the golden clouds of an autumn evening. But she answered never a word. She was marvelously quiet. So my uncle immediately resumed dreaming and left off fishing. That night, a few minutes before my uncle made his adieu to the remainder of the party, he slipped a note to Miss Amberthwaite, bearing these few words, "*If I am worthy of it, you will answer my letters, provided you do not disobey your parents in so doing. I will always know where to find you, and will advise you of my own whereabouts. Sigismund Cloveride.*"

Now I do not know what you think about it, my dears; but I always regarded that as a model love letter. A love letter, I need not tell you, should be committed to memory, and while my uncle said all that he *had* to say, how easy it was for Miss Amberthwaite to remember four lines.

And then my uncle set out in earnest, for he had a prize to win. He went straight to Philadelphia, intending to apply for admission into a celebrated law office. But on the very day he arrived there, he was accosted by an elderly gentleman, wholly unknown to him, who extended his hand with a benign smile as he inquired what my uncle was doing in that city.

"I confess you have the advantage of me," said my uncle.

"As you had of the Southerner at R—— springs down in New Hampshire," replied the gentleman, with a twinkle in his eye. My uncle blushed.

"You were there, then."

"I was there with my two nieces, and we were very much pleased with your reply; permit me to shake hands again, I seldom meet with a young man who wins on me as much as you have done." Again my uncle blushed. "But

you have not told me what you are doing here, for I know you do not belong to the city," resumed the elderly gentleman in a familiar tone.

"Why, sir, I have been thinking of studying law with Mr. C——. I have only arrived, and do not know where to find his office."

"How fortunate; I am just on my way to his office. By the by, why do you prefer Mr. C—— over twenty others?"

"I can scarcely answer you, for although I know nothing of law, I have always thought Mr. C—— the greatest lawyer in the country."

"H-m! of course you are aware that it requires a knowledge of law to understand the merits or demerits of a practitioner—yours, you will admit, is a blind prejudice."

My uncle laughed.

"I have often heard my father say that good common sense is good common law, and if that be the case I cannot admit that I am guided by mere prejudice," was his laughing reply, "for I have read with interest every argument of Mr. C——'s that ever fell in my way, and I have never found anything like his arguments for clear common sense set forth in the very plainest manner. Indeed, a very child might comprehend some of them. And yet he has originality; is brilliant, eloquent, and, (I beg your pardon, for aught I know you also may be a lawyer,) a genius in my humble opinion."

"So you would rather study under him than jockey horses?" demanded the strange gentleman, abruptly.

"Much rather," was the instant reply, for my uncle was in nowise disconcerted by the premeditated thrust.

As they walked towards Mr. C——'s office, the elderly gentleman quietly obtained my uncle's brief history. Arrived at the lawyer's office, the strange gentleman preceded my uncle into the private room, bowing smilingly to the dapper clerk's cheerful "Good morning, Mr. C——," as he passed. My uncle started; a glance at his companion told him the truth. The latter sat down with the cheerfulness of a boy, and looking my uncle in the eyes mischievously, said—

"Master and pupil, here we are. You will pardon an innocent deception, Mr. Cloveride; but you charmed me from the moment I beheld you dash the water in that fire-eater's face. I welcome you into my office with all my heart; indeed, young man, I never welcomed any one as cordially. Mine is a large garden," point-

ing to his vast library, "but you will find many flowers in it; I feel sure that to you, at least, law will never be dry."

And that was the manner of my uncle's entrance into the first law office in the country. A few weeks later, my grandfather received the following letter from his absent son—

"Dear father:—I am studying law with Mr. C——, who is very kind to me. Give my love to mother and the rest. Your affectionate son,
"Sigismund."

You will begin to think, my dears, that my uncle was the soul of brevity—well, in one sense he was. However, my grandfather was proud of his son's brevity in epistolary matters; he had never overcome the habits he acquired during his service, for there everything was brief, (I regret that I cannot say as much for some of our military men of the present day.) But my uncle wrote another letter, a letter which was anything but brief upon the same day he wrote to his father; the second letter was addressed to Miss Amberthwaite. And judging from the fact that he received a reply to the second letter three days before he heard from his father, Miss Amberthwaite was as much pleased, if not more, with her long letter than my grandfather was with his short one. Ah! this world is made up of strange likes and dislikes; but they are all very proper if they are placed correctly under appropriate head-gear; we only object when they are found in bonnets when they should be in the last Parisian cap.

There! I don't like to get on too fast with this story; it seems to me to be about the pleasantest one I have to relate of the connection. I am not so old but I can imagine the spirited, hopeful young man working hard day and night, with the determination to overcome all obstacles. He scarcely took time to eat. You would scarcely guess why. There was a spur within a spur; he was very poor, very independent, and in a year at the outside he would have—what? *Why, not even the bread and butter he ate; for he could not afford meat.* What I am telling you is a strange, a luminous truth. Do you ever pause to think what must be the lives of the very few who are placed below the lowest rung of the ladder, but who solely by their own tireless, patient efforts toil up round after round until they reach the topmost? One of you was at a loss for a subject a minute ago. Yes, I overheard it, I admit. Well, here it is. Take it and study it.

See what endurance, patience, and God's help brings.

You have guessed it. There was a dark spot even in my Uncle Sigismund's sky; but he resolutely turned his eyes to the bountiful sun. He was a poet at heart. For him the air, the heat and cold, the snow and rain, the morning and the night, the faces of every living creature bore an indescribable charm. Tell me if he was not a good man after that. There, now, you have my Uncle Sigismund as I knew him.

Time rolled around. When my Uncle Sigismund had been with Mr. C—— some nine months, that gentleman conceived a little surprise for his iron-willed student. He ordered him to present himself for examination. My uncle objected. Mr. C—— was firm. The examination took place. That night two hearts were indescribably happy, for Mr. C—— had become deeply attached to his student, and the student had made a marvellous impression upon the Board; an impression that never left it in fact. And then, to cap the climax, Mr. C—— advised my uncle to remain with him "until he could suit himself better." How many young men in Philadelphia at that time would have paid half their fortunes for that honor; large fortunes too.

So my uncle ceased to play the part of an involuntary Grahamite. He suddenly discovered that many people whose brains were lighter than their intentions acknowledged the mere presence of a respectable suit of clothes, ignoring the wearer virtually by the peculiar cast of their eyes. And he was heartily ashamed of that phase of human nature. He added to his studies thereafter that of human nature, and it has been said of him that he mastered that most difficult of all studies.

No! I am not forgetting the love—have I not just told you he loved everything God made? His love affair with Miss Amberthwaite progressed finely. They corresponded once every three months. Now that your laugh is over, permit me to remark that the truest, purest and strongest love is voiceless. It cannot be expressed. We sit in the shade; but we never count the leaves. It is only the boys who babble. And my uncle was a man; a strong, resolute, earnest man with a buoyant heart.

When my uncle had been in Mr. C——'s office as a partner one year exactly, he astonished Mr. C—— one day with the declaration that he meditated marriage. Mr. C—— was silent a moment, then dryly remarked—

"A wife will only encumber you, Mr. Clover-side."

"My wife will not," was the reply, "she will be a help to me."

"Who is she?" queried Mr. C——.

"Miss Hester Amberthwaite—you don't know her; she resides in New Hampshire. A very intelligent, high-toned, energetic, hopeful woman, or rather girl; she is younger than I am."

Mr. C——'s eyes narrowed suddenly as he gazed full in the face of the young man.

"Where did you make Miss Amberthwaite's acquaintance?" he demanded, hastily.

"At the residence of Senator B——, in New Hampshire."

"Ah! indeed! I was not aware that you enjoyed Mr. B——'s friendship—you never mentioned it to me that I am aware of."

"His son Clarence is a friend of mine."

"Oh! Yes, I remember"—Mr. C—— checked himself. My uncle wondered what he remembered, whether it was the intimacy which had been remarked at R——, or something else. "Then you correspond with this lady," at last came from Mr. C—— in a tone half to himself; but his glance still caught, covertly, my uncle's expression as he replied, calmly—

"Yes, I have that honor; we write occasionally."

"It seems to me I have heard of a Mr. Amberthwaite down there; he is very rich."

"So I am given to understand," responded my uncle coolly.

"You do well to feather your nest."

"If I marry Miss Amberthwaite, I shall so arrange matters that her father shall manage her property until such times as I may with reason claim to manage it better; we must live upon my own income—I can't be indebted to my wife, or to my wife's friends."

"H-m *Ahem!* Of course, Sigismund, you will advise your father of this step."

"Before I marry?—certainly; but not until I know Mr. Amberthwaite's reply."

"You are going to New Hampshire then?"

"If you can spare me, yes; but I will not be absent long."

"And supposing Mr. Amberthwaite should take it into his head to refuse you his daughter; then what?"

"I shall wait a reasonable time; and then, as she will be of age, I shall marry her in spite of him."

"Young blood. Well, well! I sincerely hope you may be successful. When do you go?"

"To-morrow, if it is agreeable to you."

"Oh! make your own time," replied Mr. C——, and my uncle immediately set out for New Hampshire.

The evening he started upon his journey, Mr. C—— wrote to his brother-in-law a letter running this wise:—

"Dear Nathan:—I have just learned from my young partner that he has won Hester's affections. He is at this moment on his way to you to ask her in marriage. I have alluded to this young man so often that you cannot pretend to be ignorant of his many merits; I need only add that, should he woo a daughter of mine I would give her to him cheerfully. He will rise, depend upon it. He has a mine of talent and vigor; a splendid basis upon which to build a noble character and an enviable reputation, so I advise you to think seriously before you reject him. Permit me to suggest that you ascertain, by such means as you may deem best, a personal knowledge of his nature and character. Afterwards, I have not the slightest hesitation in predicting you will not think of sending him back to me with his finger in his mouth. Yours affectionately,
"R. C——."

Honest old Nathan Amberthwaite received this letter just two hours before my uncle made his appearance in Mr. A——'s parlor. He was engrossed with political affairs at the time; but he immediately set about acquiring a "personal knowledge" of the prominent characteristics of his future son-in-law. My uncle went straight into business the moment he was fairly seated, after making due acknowledgments to his host.

"Mr. Amberthwaite, I present myself as a suitor for the hand of your daughter, Miss Hester Amberthwaite. I come prepared to satisfy you upon such points as will most naturally suggest themselves to a parent."

There was an imposing silence; finally the host inquired—

"Your profession, Mr. Cloverside?"

"Law."

"Where do you reside?"

"In Philadelphia."

"You are quite young, sir; may I inquire your age?"

"I am twenty-three."

"I suppose you are aware that my daughter will one day inherit a considerable sum of money?"

"I know merely what rumor says on that subject."

"Your own prospects are?"

"Whatever my own energy, and resolution, and patience shall make them," interrupted my uncle, boldly.

"Hum! H-m! (Dryly.) Then you are not independent in a pecuniary point of view."

"No! I regret to say that I am little better, in a pecuniary sense, than you were at my age. It is true I will receive something when my father dies, but I hope I may never need a penny from that source. Perhaps it may be as well to remark here that, although I am not rich, still I can afford something more than the actual necessities of life, consequently I have thought best to decline having anything to do with any property or money belonging to Miss Amberthwaite until you or other parties deem her interest should demand my attention in that quarter."

"This is a most extraordinary proposition, Mr. Cloverside."

"Nevertheless, much as I esteem and love your daughter, I cannot permit myself to think of any other terms."

"Well, sir, you will not think it strange then, if I decline to permit you to pay your addresses to Miss Amberthwaite."

"I have always been taught to admire independence," replied my uncle, warmly, "if my repugnance to a certain position offends you, still I think that you will hesitate before pronouncing finally against me. I have a respectable name, my prospects are as good, and better than many young men's who now deem themselves fortunate in opposing me at the bar; I have hope, and health, and honesty; I only ask a little time to make my way. Think seriously, Mr. Amberthwaite, ere you decide against me. Make all due inquiries; satisfy yourself fully concerning my prospects and character, and then, if you still withhold your consent"—

"What then?"

"I must wait patiently."

"Better wait patiently now; you are entirely too young to marry, at least until you have made your way in the world."

"This is your answer?"

"Yes."

"Then I shall bid you a very good day, Mr. Amberthwaite; but I cherish the hope that you will soften your answer ere many months shall pass."

Mr. Amberthwaite bowed coldly, and my uncle left the house without asking so much as a sight of his lady love. She on her part merely obtained a glimpse of his retreating form. My uncle went straight back to his

work. When Mr. C—— inquired his success, he told him the truth calmly, without evincing a particle of feeling. A month rolled around, two, three. At the end of the third month Mr. C—— received a letter from Governor Amberthwaite, to the following effect:—

"Dear R——:—Your young partner commands my highest respect. Pray be so kind as to hand him the enclosed letter. If you can find time (which I doubt) give us the light of your countenance on the 22d. Dear Hester, I shall miss her sadly; by the by, I have half a notion to inveigle young Cloverside from you. Seriously, why not? He can make his way here as well as in Philadelphia. Besides, I can assist him in a thousand ways.

"Yours cordially, NATHAN AMBERTHWAITHE."

Imagine if you can the effect Mr. Amberthwaite's letter produced upon my uncle. But you cannot. When you have experienced the delay, the disappointments which he experienced, perhaps you might comprehend and appreciate his great joy. I will only add that he married Miss Amberthwaite at the appointed time, before he informed his father of his intentions, and I cannot resist the temptation to give you another of his very brief letters. Study it, my dears. It has at least one merit.

"Dear father and mother:—I start for home with my wife on the first of the coming month. I was married on the 22d inst. to Miss Hester Amberthwaite, of New Hampshire.

"Your affectionate son, SIGISMUND."

"P. S.—I have just learned that Mr. Amberthwaite is Governor of New Hampshire—I thought it was a brother. S."

You all know what a grand career my uncle had. Dear me, where will we find another man like him!

We have lived long enough to learn that life is full of rugged experiences, and that the most loving, romantic, and delicate people must live on cooked or otherwise food, and the house kept clean and tidy by industrious hands. And for all the practical purposes of married life, it is generally found that for a husband to sit and gaze at his wife's taper fingers and lily hands, or for a wife to sit and be looked at and admired, does not make the pot boil, or put the smallest piece of food therein.

WHETHER IT PAID.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Confound this administration! Driving the country, neck and heels, straight to ruin!"

Having thus delivered himself, Mr. Spencer dashed down the paper and seized the poker, and commenced a vigorous onslaught on the lowest stratum of coals—this exercise proving a sort of safety valve through which his indignation could vent itself.

"Dear me, John, what is to pay now?" asked Mrs. Spencer, gathering up in her lap, in order to screen it from a shower of ash dust, a long turnpike of white ruffling, over which her needle was laboriously plodding.

"You better ask me what *isn't* to pay?" retorted the lady's spouse, in tones which indicated a strong tendency to use the poker on some more sentient object than the coals. "Blockheads and knaves at the head of our government. Steered the country, with their eyes open, right into this civil war, and all they care for now is to feather their own nests and run everybody straight into bankruptcy. Here they are talking about another draft, and taxing a man now every time he turns round. We can't stand this much longer. I thought when we commenced this thing we were going to put it through in nine months; and now, after a year of fighting, the end looks farther off than at the beginning."

Mr. Spencer had commenced his diatribes on civil and military affairs with only his wife for auditor, she being on this ground one of the acquiescent and monosyllabic type, her opinions and sentiments on all public matters being a faithful reflex of her husband's.

This was not precisely the case with the sons and daughters, although there was no doubt that the home-talk colored more or less the political views of most of them.

And one after another the boys and girls had dropped in, and stood now grouped around in various attitudes of indolence or interest, listening to the conversation.

"But, pa," interposed Rusha, standing on the defensive, "you remember that Washington made a greater mistake than our government did when he wrote to his wife, at the time of his taking command of the Continental army, that the war would probably be over by the following autumn. What a point the Tories

must have made of that false prophesy through all the seven years that followed; but after all we triumphed—yes, we triumphed!" repeating the last words with a little inward exultation that grew into light on her face.

Mr. Spencer cleared his throat in order to gain time. He had that reverence for Washington, and all the great actors of the Revolution, which is inborn with every American.

"That's another thing entirely," he said, seizing hold of the first point on his side that presented itself. "The questions at issue are entirely different. We haven't got any such men now as we had then."

"I should think not," added Ella, who had a constitutional dislike of radical sin, and a general impression that the "first society" did not endorse the present administration. "Look at Abraham Lincoln!"

"What's the matter with him?" asked Rusha, tartly.

Her sister was, of course, ready with the stock objection.

"Oh, he isn't a gentleman. Such an awkward, inelegant man at the head of our nation! It's really dreadful!"

"Is it? I presume that your dancing-master would do the honors of the White House with a much better grace than our President, and that is, of course, much more important than sound wisdom or integrity of character, than strength of purpose or love of justice and righteousness, in the man who stands at the nation's helm now that she is in this awful peril for life or for death!"

The voice of Rusha Spencer held now that lingering sarcasm which they all perfectly understood, and, if the truth must be told, secretly dreaded a little.

Ella was a good deal nettled. Of course her position was totally indefensible, now that moral instead of physical qualities formed the grounds of the defence, but she had one shaft left, tipped with a little venom. She sent it home now.

"Are you an *abolitionist*, Rusha? I should like to know. One would imagine it by the way you talk."

That name had had, during their childhood, an exceedingly bad odor in the Spencer family.

Perhaps it still retained some old power of association over Rusha's mind, for her answer hardly met it squarely; and then it was several years ago, and people have grown in the last three.

"I hardly know what you mean by abolitionist, Ella; but of one thing I am certain, that slavery, in any form, is a sin and a curse to people, and against it, so long as I live, I will set my face, whatever you or anybody else may call me."

This was certainly throwing down the gauntlet in an atmosphere where it required some moral courage to do it; but during the latter part of Rusha's speech, Guy had entered, thus completing the family circle. The boy had happened during the last week to light on Uncle Tom's Cabin for the first time, he having hitherto religiously avoided it, hearing his father, who had never so much as read the title page, denounce the book as a "miserable incendiary work," this remark being plagiarized from an adverse newspaper criticism.

Of course with the first chapter Guy was committed to the end. And as a consequence of reading the book, he had accepted an invitation of a young friend, given half in sport, to go and hear Wendell Phillips lecture the preceding evening.

The transcendent power of the book had wrought strongly on the rough boyish sympathies of Guy Spencer, and the eloquence of the lecturer completely brought him over. His family was, of course, quite ignorant of the sudden revolution which his political convictions had undergone, and each one was electrified to see him stand up boldly now, the ruddy immature face glowing with the fervor of his sentiments as he delivered them—

"I say I'm an abolitionist to the core! Go in for the nigger strong. They've just as good rights as white folks; and so long as they're human beings, we've no business to buy and sell 'em; and I'm ready to fight anybody who says we have!" growing belligerent as he proceeded.

Guy's avowal was received with shouts of merriment by his brothers, and with various interjections of surprise or dismay from the rest of the family, with the exception of Rusha, who patted her youngest brother on the shoulder and said, encouragingly—

"Bravo, Guy! That's the sort of talk I like!"

"Well, it isn't what I do by a long shot," said her father, vastly surprised and a good deal displeased at this defection of his youngest

son. "Where in the world did you get such notions as those, Guy?"

The boy had an impression that his authorities would by no means enhance the value of his convictions in his father's estimation, so he wisely kept them to himself, only saying, with an air of profound sagacity, in amusing contrasts with his boyish face—

"Oh, I've thought and read a good deal lately; and these are my opinions, and I shall hold them as long as I live, without fear or favor."

"Well, all I've got to say is, you'd better wait until you're a little older and wiser than you are now before you put forth your sentiments in such a fashion," said his father.

Guy, secretly primed with Wendell Phillips and Harriet Beecher Stowe, turned suddenly a strong fire from his battery on his father—

"Do you approve of slavery, father? Do you think it's right to sell men and women on the auction block as though they were cattle? Do you think it's right to separate husbands and wives, and tear little children away from their fathers and mothers?—to hang up women by the wrists and whip their bare backs till they're all skinned, and send blood-hounds to bring them down when they run away from their masters? Do you think it's right to do these things because one man has a white skin and the other a black one?"

John Spencer hemmed. His old, sound New England training, and at bottom the sturdy sense of right and justice, the common humanity which no political sophistries nor partisan feelings could overcome, rose up in stout condemnation of the facts that young boy of his had put so strongly.

"Of course I don't," he answered, very crossly, but still very positively. "None of my family ever heard me contend that slavery was right. I've always admitted the thing was a wrong and a shame; but as we'd got it, and the Constitution admits it, the best way was to let it all alone, and it would be its own remedy in time. You see what all this talk and agitation about the thing has brought the country to; I've said it would be so for years, and now we've got into a war with no end to it, and nobody to manage it."

"If slavery carries its own remedy in itself, why doesn't murder, or arson, or any other crime?" persisted Rusha.

"There, you see, pa, I told you so," said Ella, in a tone half deprecatory, half positive. "Your oldest daughter is an out-and-out abolitionist!"

WHETHER IT PAID.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Confound this administration! Driving the country, neck and heels, straight to ruin!"

Having thus delivered himself, Mr. Spencer dashed down the paper and seized the poker, and commenced a vigorous onslaught on the lowest stratum of coals—this exercise proving a sort of safety valve through which his indignation could vent itself.

"Dear me, John, what is to pay now?" asked Mrs. Spencer, gathering up in her lap, in order to screen it from a shower of ash dust, a long turnpike of white ruffling, over which her needle was laboriously plodding.

"You better ask me what *isn't* to pay?" retorted the lady's spouse, in tones which indicated a strong tendency to use the poker on some more sentient object than the coals. "Blockheads and knaves at the head of our government. Steered the country, with their eyes open, right into this civil war, and all they care for now is to feather their own nests and run everybody straight into bankruptcy. Here they are talking about another draft, and taxing a man now every time he turns round. We can't stand this much longer. I thought when we commenced this thing we were going to put it through in nine months; and now, after a year of fighting, the end looks farther off than at the beginning."

Mr. Spencer had commenced his diatribes on civil and military affairs with only his wife for auditor, she being on this ground one of the acquiescent and monosyllabic type, her opinions and sentiments on all public matters being a faithful reflex of her husband's.

This was not precisely the case with the sons and daughters, although there was no doubt that the home-talk colored more or less the political views of most of them.

And one after another the boys and girls had dropped in, and stood now grouped around in various attitudes of indolence or interest, listening to the conversation.

"But, pa," interposed Rusha, standing on the defensive, "you remember that Washington made a greater mistake than our government did when he wrote to his wife, at the time of his taking command of the Continental army, that the war would probably be over by the following autumn. What a point the Tories

must have made of that false prophesy through all the seven years that followed; but after all we triumphed—yes, we triumphed!" repeating the last words with a little inward exultation that grew into light on her face.

Mr. Spencer cleared his throat in order to gain time. He had that reverence for Washington, and all the great actors of the Revolution, which is inborn with every American.

"That's another thing entirely," he said, seizing hold of the first point on his side that presented itself. "The questions at issue are entirely different. We haven't got any such men now as we had then."

"I should think not," added Ella, who had a constitutional dislike of radical sin, and a general impression that the "first society" did not endorse the present administration. "Look at Abraham Lincoln!"

"What's the matter with him?" asked Rusha, tartly.

Her sister was, of course, ready with the stock objection.

"Oh, he isn't a gentleman. Such an awkward, inelegant man at the head of our nation! It's really dreadful!"

"Is it? I presume that your dancing-master would do the honors of the White House with a much better grace than our President, and that is, of course, much more important than sound wisdom or integrity of character, than strength of purpose or love of justice and righteousness, in the man who stands at the nation's helm now that she is in this awful peril for life or for death!"

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"There, you see, pa, I told you so," said Ella, in a tone half deprecatory, half positive. "Your oldest daughter is an out-and-out abolitionist!"

"Well, I'm sure, John, she never got it from me," added Mrs. Spencer.

"No, ma," laughed Rusha, good-naturedly—"whatever my opinions are, you shant be responsible for them."

"But Rusha," continued Ella, standing by the mantel, and looking at her sister with some perplexity, "I do think you have a tendency towards isms. You have somehow—I can't just explain what I mean—but just the sort of character and enthusiasm that runs into them. I shouldn't wonder the least if under a certain set of influences you should turn Woman's Rights, or take to lecturing in public, or some such dreadful thing."

"You are complimentary, Ella. But give yourself no alarm, my dear; if I felt any impulsion in the direction of public lecturing, the thought of my own lack of gifts would keep me always away from the Rostrum."

"I'm not so sure about that," added Tom. "Rusha can talk when she gets the steam on, better than a good many ministers; and then she always looks so well when she gets excited!"

"Tom, don't!" interposed Ella again, her imagination taking the alarm at even the playful suggestion of such a prospect. "If the day should ever come when my sister rises up in a public hall to speak, I shall want to hide my head the rest of my life for shame; I never could show my face in society after such a disgrace!"

"You'd better think of something that's likely to happen," suggested Mr. Spencer, who never gave himself much concern about improbabilities of this sort.

"I see we're going to have another draft, and it's likely to fall on Tom or Andrew as anybody."

"Oh, pa!" This little interjection fell from Mrs. Spencer; but it said what the hearts of mothers with goodly sons have been saying for the last four years over all the land. Andrew's fractured ribs and broken limb were now so far restored as to make an impending draft a source of alarm in his case.

"And substitutes cost a small fortune now-a-days," said the head of the family, returning to the old ground of offence.

"But, pa, you know you'd rather pay any amount of money, than have either of your boys go to the war and get shot, or fall into the hands of those dreadful Rebels," expostulated Mrs. Spencer. "We'd better make any sacrifices rather than have that happen."

"Yes; I wonder, if worse came to worse,

how many gewgaws your girls would be willing to sacrifice at the watering-places, where they intend to figure this summer?" retorted Mr. Spencer, who was in the habit of visiting on domestic affairs the ill-humor engendered by a contemplation of public ones.

"I'm sure we'd all be willing to make any sacrifice, rather than see our Andrew or Tom go into the army," answered Mrs. Spencer, meekly; and Ella, who had meditated a strong attack on her father's pockets that day—the summer's wardrobe being now in an advanced state of preparation—concluded to defer her appeal to a more favorable occasion.

One thing was certain. John Spencer was an habitual grumbler, and his threats always kept far ahead of his deeds, as was a fact well known and acted on at all times in the bosom of his own family.

And the same rule would, in a measure, apply to his habit of regarding all public affairs. The man was not wholly without a feeling of patriotism. The echo, as it rolled over the land of the first shot on that lonely fort by the sea, had roused the heart of John Spencer with the rest of his countrymen. For the time being, a new love of country, a burning desire to avenge her wrong and retrieve her honor, superseded every other feeling in the breast of John Spencer. He averred himself ready to take his gun and go down South, and do his part in putting down the rebellion that had taken him by such surprise; for he, like the majority of Northern men, had believed in his heart that South Carolina, and the other seceded states, could not be really "in earnest."

But John Spencer was not a man of abiding faiths in things invisible. He had not those strong moral convictions which makes a man, no matter how dark and desperate a cause may be, anchor his hope on the eternal foundations of truth and justice, on which that cause rests.

And so, when defeat and disaster overtook our armies; when mistakes, that the very nature of things rendered unavoidable, were committed by the heads of government, then John Spencer's faith waxed faint.

Certainly those long four years which have just passed over us tried every man's metal, and when the war, with its high prices and heavy taxes began to touch the pockets of men like Mr. Spencer—that was their weak point—then they began to grumble at the blunders and tyrannies of the government.

John Spencer had been brought up in

school of the old Jackson and Jefferson type. The names still possessed a strong traditional power over his mind.

That both these men were fervent patriots, however strongly partisan, nobody could attempt to deny. But John Spencer went further than this. He had an impression, based on no intelligent insight into the course of events, and on very insufficient knowledge of the real character of the great men whose names were always on his lips, that if they had only managed affairs, things would have turned out smooth and satisfactory to all parties.

He had no wide moral outlooks, and present mistake or disaster was to him absolute proof of either incapacity or villany. And how many men were there, who felt and talked like this one through all the nation's long four years baptismal of fire and blood, and who only begin to see with clearer vision now that the cloud and fire of the battle are rolling away!

Blessed are those who not seeing, yet have believed.

CHAPTER IX.

Sicily Rochford had been absent in the country for most of the spring, visiting a sister of her father's. Two or three days after her return she said to her brother—"Well, Fletcher, I hear that you have made the acquaintance of the family across the street, under circumstances, too, which is apt to show people's characters in dishabille, as physicians oftenest see them. Tell me something about them."

The young doctor put down his paper and leaned his head back on his chair—a fine head, both artists and physiognomists had called it, surveying it however from somewhat different standpoints.

It was just at twilight, and the little family of three were gathered in the study, in that indolent social mood which usually follows a day of bustling activities of one sort and another, and the Rochfords were, every one of them, from constitution, habit and conscience, full of varied plans and industries, which never allowed time to hang heavy on their hands.

The day had been warm—for it was late in the May. A golden glow of twilight filled the room. All through it were afloat odors of hyacinths and roses, with the luscious sweetnesses of orange blossoms from a little conservatory, which opened a green flowery glade out from one side of the study.

"Fletcher looks tired, Sicily," said Angeline, as she noticed with the swiftness of intent

affection the posture which the head took, half unconsciously.

"If I am, there is no rest so pleasant and entire as talking with you, girls. Now, what do you want to know about the people opposite, Sicily?"

"Well, whether our conjectures about the sort of people they were when you first came home, turned out to be true?"

"You know the circumstances which first introduced them to me?"

"Yes; Angeline related them to me this morning. I think your meeting with the young lady would have been decidedly romantic had the occasion been less serious."

"It was serious to her then—a matter of life and death. Poor girl! there were no disguises there. That wild, white, frightened face, under its shadow of dark brown hair, contrasted awfully with the rich dress and the quiver of the jewels on her arms and neck. I never saw a sharper agony in any face. I can never get it out of hers, although I have seen it since very luminous with smiles and happiness."

"She is your favorite of the family, Angeline says."

Fletcher Rochford turned and smiled on the elder of his sisters. "How do you know that?" he said—"did I tell you?"

"As though I wasn't acute enough to find that out without your saying so?" she answered, with a tingling little laugh.

"What is her name?" asked Sicily.

Her brother smiled again—this time with a twinkle in his eyes. "Jerusha?" he said, pronouncing the name with immense unction.

Sicily screwed her face into an expression indescribable, unless her own solitary comment pronounced it—"Distressing!"

"I don't think it is to the owner thereof, Sicily; and then they call her 'Rusha,' which I like better than most of your new-fangled pet names."

"Rusha! Rusha! that is a decided improvement; it has really a pretty ring about it."

"But, really, Sicily, I don't dislike Jerusha," interposed Angeline. "There is a strong, hearty, honest sound to the name, that somehow I fancy."

"It is a matter of taste," replied her sister. "However, if one likes the owner of the name, it makes but little difference what the latter is."

"Yes," said her brother; and he said no more, only sat still, musing.

At last Sicily reminded him—

"What are you thinking of, Fletcher?"

"Of this girl, Rusha Spencer. I pitied her that night on which I first saw her, and I pity her still, although any one who knew—perhaps even she herself, would think the emotion wasted in her case."

"In what respect do you find that she needs it, then?" This was Angeline's question.

"Because there is a fine, strong, most womanly nature in that girl, shut up and feeding on itself. One sees how it is. The tone of her home; the personal atmospheres of those around her, have all been more or less of a coarse, materializing sort. The right kind of moral culture and stimulus would have made of that girl a high-souled, deep-hearted, under God, truly Christian woman. The fair, delicate face—it is that sort of delicacy which, without physical unsoundness, suggests an extremely sensitive nervous organization,—that face, even in its utmost brightness—and it has phases of such—is haunted to me always with some wistfulness and unrest. I can understand what it all means, too. There is an inward, half-conscious protest going on all the while against the sort of influences among which her life has opened. The whole spirit of the family is dense—gravitates earthward. And yet, as I said, there is the making of a noble woman in that girl, only there is a great deal against her at present."

"You must have studied her face closely, Fletcher," remarked Sicily, archly.

"Otherwise I should not be a good physician," answered the doctor, grave as any judge, though he caught the twinkle of a smile, and understood perfectly what it meant.

"Perhaps she will grope her way out into the light," answered Angeline.

"Perhaps—that is the best one can say. But the world, the flesh and the devil, are three strong forces, and in certain directions this new fortune will bring them to bear strongly on her."

"Is there nothing to be said of the rest of the family?"

"Of the father, not much. He is simply a successful speculator—a sharp, bustling man; and the mother is kindly and fussy, and narrow; and the sons are of the Young America type, with great danger of making shipwreck on the new fortune; and of the daughters, one is pretty, showy, with a certain outward brilliancy, that has little depth, but tells in society; and the youngest daughter is a nice little school-girl—the mother's pattern, a good deal improved."

What reply the young ladies would have made to this rapid but discriminating analysis of the Spencer household, never transpired, for at that moment the housemaid presented herself at the door, saying—"There's an old woman and a young soldier down stairs, doctor. I told 'em it was out of your hours; but they said you'd see 'em, if I'd just say—'Benjamin Stonell and his mother.'"

It had been the doctor's hospital day, a day always of exhausting work, both of mind and body. A look of weariness had hovered over his face, even in the restful home scenes and talk; but a sudden animation displaced all other expression, as he said—"Show them up here at once."

"Is it a private interview?" asked Sicily, for the name was new to both her and Angeline.

"No; stay, both of you, in that corner. It will be worth seeing, and it will not embarrass them if they do not observe you."

As he spoke, there entered the room a small, withered old woman, with a dark, thin face, all broken up now with some strong rush of feeling. She wore a new black silk dress and tidy shawl and bonnet. By her side was a sturdy, broad-shouldered, sun-browned youth, in army blue.

The doctor rose and held out his hand, with his best smile on his face, and his heartiest welcome in his tones. "I am glad to see you, my friends."

The little withered old woman sprang forwards, and gripped his hand in both of hers; her face quivered all over betwixt smiles and sobs. "Benjamin's going, doctor," she said, choking over the words.

"So I see; and you're making every man, woman and child your debtor, by giving him to his country now, my dear friend."

The words did the poor old mother good. He could see, as he turned to shake hands with Benjamin, that she straightened herself up, the big tears a-twinkle on her cheeks, and the pride and tenderness together making an unutterable pathos in her face—"I couldn't let him go, doctor, without first coming round here to say good-by to you. There isn't many a mother 'll give a finer-looking boy than that to fight for his country."

The young man's face flushed through its tan. "You won't mind what the old woman says, doctor; and now I'm going off"—apologetically.

"Ah, Ben, my boy, you'll mind it one of these days, when you get down there in the

thick of the fight, and every word of love and praise will come back then, and be the sweetest memory your heart will carry," answered Dr. Rochford, patting the broad shoulder.

"He's your gift as much as mine, doctor," continued the old woman, entirely unobservant in her agitation of the two ladies in the shadow, who sat intently watching the scene—"I shouldn't have had my Ben to give to his country, if it hadn't been for you!"

"I shall have part and lot in one soldier, then. After your mother, remember me, Ben?"

The private found his voice now, which many feelings had for the moment vanquished. He grasped Dr. Rochford's hand—

"You needn't ask that, doctor. As if I could ever put you anywhere but next to her, when I remember that day you found me in the street, and carried me to the hospital, and nursed me through all that long sickness, and went after the poor old woman, and brought her down your own-self to see her boy that didn't deserve it!"

"Don't say that now, Benny," put in the old woman with the tears dripping down her withered cheeks. "He was a good boy, al'ays, doctor, and he'll go down to the fight with his poor old mother's blessin' on his head. It mayn't be much, but it's all she's got."

"I think it is more than honors or diadems," said the doctor. "May the old mother's blessing and prayer 'cover your head' in the day of battle, Benjamin!"

"Ah, doctor, you know jest how to find the right word to take the sore ache out of a body's heart. Mine had it at the thought of giving up my only boy, until I made up my mind to go with him."

"Going with him! Mrs. Stonell?" repeated the doctor, in amazement.

"Yes," a new resolution smoothing out the lines of the dark old face. "Benny's all I've got; and my post will be close to him, as long as we live. Other mothers have got boys down there that need tender nursing; and, though I'm an old woman, I've got strength left yet to bind up wounds, and carry cold water, and speak comfortin' words; and every single boy down in the army will sort of seem as if he was my own, now Benny's there, and taking care of them other mothers' boys will be kinder doin' it for him."

"That hospital work down there—I'm afraid it will be too much for you, Mrs. Stonell," said the doctor, doubtfully.

"It wont be half so hard as to stay away

and think of what might be happenin' to him," she reached up her dry old hand and patted the thick, dark hair in a way that must have drawn tears from colder eyes than any of those who watched her. "It would drive me mad in a little while to stay at home alone, without any work to fill heart or mind." And the doctor saw that she was wiser than he.

There was no more time to spare. Benjamin's regiment was to leave the next day, but there was a touch of feminine vanity which drew smiles through the tears of both Angelina and Sicily Rochford, as the old woman drew aside her shawl and pointed to her black silk dress.

"You see, Benjamin wanted his old mother to look sort o' scrumptious, when he introduced her to the officers. He got all these new things with his bounty money," turning her back in order that he might inspect her new shawl, and the neat black bonnet, for each of which, the doctor equally amused and touched, had just the appropriate word.

"Good-by, Benjamin. Good-by, Mrs. Stonell," wringing the hands of both, and kissing the old woman's cheek. "One of these days I may find you down there, for it seems to me that my work lies in the same direction as yours. And, Benjamin, remember your friend's last words. Be worthy of your God, your country, and your old mother."

The old woman straightened her bent figure as she took her stalwart son's arm, and so they went out—the old woman and the young man, to the war together.

For awhile not one of those whom they left behind, spoke a word. At last Sicily drew up to her brother, laid her hand on his shoulder, and said—

"Tell us what that meant, Fletcher."

He did not seem in a hurry to do it then, and Angelina added, after a little—

"We are waiting, Fletcher."

"In brief then, girls, some business took me one day last autumn down among the piers by the river. And near one of these I came across a young man in a sailor's garb, lying in a pool of blood. Either my pity or my professional instincts must have been arrested, for I leaned down and removed the tarpaulin which shaded his eyes. The face turned up to me was totally unconscious, and ghastly enough, a good, honest face, as I read at the first glance, although there was a strong odor of liquor about it.

"I saw the whole thing at once. A young sailor, just landed, had been decoyed into some

of the dens that infest that part of the city, plied with strong drink, probably been robbed of his money, and thrust out in the end, to live or die, as might be. Some vehicle had evidently gone over him, for on examination I found his arm broken, his collar bone fractured.

"To make the story short, I got aid, and took the youth up to the hospital, and brought him back to life, though not to his wits, for weeks afterwards.

"The injury and exposure produced inward inflammation, and when we got the better of that, the typhoid set in, and he had a hard pull for life. I learned that my conjectures were correct. The lad was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow down in Maine. He had been smitten with a mania for the sea, but this his first voyage had cured him of it, thoroughly, and he was returning to his mother, with a resolution to go into farm work as his father had before him, when he was decoyed into a miserable drinking hole, by some of the ship hands, and there was an end of his money, and, if I had not picked him up, of his life.

"The way that boy used to talk of his mother touched me. I knew she was looking out for him night and day, now the vessel had got in, and I finally made up my mind, after getting her address, to go for her, as the son hung betwixt life and death, the chances for either, seemed to human vision about equal.

"You see it was one of those cases where letters wouldn't do, besides, the old woman had never been fifty miles from home, and couldn't easily find her way to the city alone. I managed to take a couple of nights for the journey, and so didn't lose much time, brought her to her son, and for the end—what you have just seen relates it. My care has been rewarded a thousand fold."

"And you gave up two nights to find that old woman and bring her to her son, when no day ever allows you an hour for rest!" said Sicily.

"People have done greater things than that, without praise or reward," answered Fletcher Rochford.

"Oh, knightly heart, and eloquent tongue," said Angeline fondly, slipping her arm around her brother's neck.

"Now stop, girls, stop just where you are," he said, positively. "If there is anything in the world that will spoil a fellow, that will make him vain and self-conceited, it's talk of that sort! The truth is, as Carlyle says,

you women are naturally worshippers, and it's your misfortune that your divinities are made of such dreadful frail stuff."

The girls laughed merrily, and patted their brother on the shoulder, as they stood on each side of him, but he kept on gravely for all that.

"I honestly believe that the females of my own household have done more to inflate my besetting sins, than all the rest of the world put together!"

"Why, Fletcher!" was the duet that now saluted his ears.

"It's the terrible fact. You and mother were always lauding me for things that deserved no praise, and if I hadn't guarded against these influences I should have turned out a veritable coxcomb. I am not the stuff to stand such talk. I think very few of my sex are."

"I have never perceived any injurious effects, but as you insist on them so positively, sis and I will give you some doses of a different kind," laughed Angeline.

The doctor laughed too, pinching her cheek at this ambiguous threat; but then he said—

"It is a serious matter, girls, and I believe this tendency of worship in your sex is one of the underlying causes of a great deal of marital unhappiness. You women make divinities of your husbands. Your worship inflates their self-love, their pride, and in the end develops them into tyrants.

"A woman when she marries a man ought not to merge her individuality wholly in his, but with her peculiar feminine penetration to detect somewhat of his faults, and strive with all the power of her affection to brace him where he is weak, to make of him, in short, a stronger, better, nobler man. That is her work and her duty, not to swallow all that he says and does, in a blind adoration, which in the end is wholesome for neither of them."

"I think," said Sicily, her bright face now as thoughtful as her brother's, "that you are right in the cases of many husbands and wives, but how can a woman's admiration harm one who, like yourself, always holds her so far above men?"

"It will take too long to go into the philosophy of the thing, my dear. The fact which I draw from my own experience is enough. However, I may have found my grain of heaven in that; for didn't I always know, in the midst of all your and our mother's praises of me, how far, come to the test, in charity, in self-sacrifice, in quiet endurance, after the manner

of your sex, you'd outshine any of my poor virtues? I always kept that thought before me. Look at that old woman, for instance, going down there to the hospitals to give the remnant of her strength and her days to nursing the soldiers. There is something sublime in sacrifice of that sort. It makes me humble to think of it."

"And if it comes home to you, how much more to us?" answered Angeline. "I felt reproved and ashamed to see that withered old woman go out of the door, so strong in her purpose of work and help, and I with my young strength staying behind, living from day to day my life of luxurious ease. My place is down there in the hospitals too, Fletcher," turning her face anxiously to his.

"Not yet, my dear girl. There may be a time when I must let you go, if the war, whose end no man now can foresee, shall continue. But you are not wasting your life while you are helping and blessing so many others; and there is a chance of your breaking down in the hospitals during the heats of the summer, and the need there is not so imperative that you should run that risk."

"But you talked of going to the old woman, Fletcher. Surely, if ever a man's did, your work seems to lie at home."

"It is that thought only which has kept me from going before. But I am not certain about this. When one hears the stories of young, inexperienced, and ignorant surgeons, and the work they make of some of our brave fellows, one's blood goes up to boiling. I might save a few limbs from rough handling if I was down there."

The girls shuddered. The doctor saw that he had pursued this topic far enough. Before he started another, however, Sicily, who had remained silent during the last part of the conversation, came around to his chair, and leaning over it, said—

"We must not be divided in our work. When you and Angeline go, I shall accompany you."

"It does not seem ready to our hand yet, so far as we can see," he said. "When it is, I trust that none of us will shrink back." So the matter rested.

As they went out to tea, for Doctor Rochford never sacrificed health to custom, and would not patronize bed-time dinners even in New York, he said to his sisters—

"I suppose it's time to think something about country quarters? Have you thought of any plans for the summer?"

"Only in negations," answered Angeline. "I'm not going to any fashionable watering-places this season. If we leave the city at all, let us find some place where we can have freedom and quiet in our own way. Saratoga, for instance, and a civil war would be two vast inconsistencies."

"There is more harmony in the names than in the things just now," said her brother. "I know of a fine old place by the sea-shore, whose hostess is an aunt of a classmate of mine, where I think I might secure you snug quarters. Your toilets there will not be the supreme object of life, and you'll have delicious mountain air, and glimpses, if you cultivate them, into the lives of the fishermen, both professional and domestic, for their homes are scattered along the shore; and you'll have, back among the hills, scenery of the wildest and most picturesque, and society when you want it of the best."

"Oh, Fletcher, that is the very place! Let us go there!" cried both the girls, and Sicily added—"You will run up occasionally and give us a sail, and help us search for seaweed?"

"You may depend on me whenever I can wrest out a day from my work."

And then the girls—they were young girls still, and of that sort whose youth is so deep that its springs will never fail utterly—went to weaving all sorts of pretty little projects for the summer. What bright little jests flashed and twinkled through the merry talk! What peals of laughter, what sparkles of repartee, in which each tried to get ahead of the other, and in which Fletcher usually formed the target for his sisters' jokes, although it must be admitted that the man was fully capable of defending himself.

This supper at the close of the twilight was the happiest hour of the day. Here each showed its brightest self to the other, and whatever perplexed or disturbed was by mutual consent banished from the table.

Fletcher Rochford's profession necessarily entailed a great deal of care and labor on one who put into it so much of heart and soul as he did, and his patients included all classes, although his beneficiaries formed the largest of these, and the man used to feel, far oftener than he told his sisters, that if it were not for this home warmth, and rest, and brightness, he could hardly bear up under the varied pressure and the multiform duties of each day. With him, however, and with his sisters, in a large sense, the mirthfulness had a background

of earnestness and gravity; perhaps the outward sparkle was all the brighter for the time on that very account.

And when at last the supper was over, and they had all adjourned to the small study again, he caught a shimmer of moonlight on the carpet, and walked to the window. Standing there a moment, looking at the streams of stars thick flowing over the May sky, Dr. Rochford saw a face opposite at the window—a finely outlined face, that, having seen once, held his memory always. It was looking up at the stars. Perhaps it was the man's fancy, but it seemed to him that, even at that distance, he could detect something wistful or lonely in the gazes that went up the sky. Below there were brilliant lights, and people moving to and fro.

"What did that solitary watcher see there?" he wondered. "Had the stars yonder, and the moon walking amid them in her white glory, any language, any testimony of their Maker's power and strength above all, and oh, how much better than all of His eternal love? Did the thought of the young girl watching there go up beyond all these, His visible signs set in the sky, to her Father's heart and home, towards which, or away from which, this softly flowing night was carrying her, as it was all the world?"

All these questions, and some more, wandered through his mind as he stood there looking at the house opposite and the face at the front chamber window. At last it went away, so did he, drawing the curtain.

"Sing something, girls," he said, resuming his easy chair.

"What shall it be, sacred or sentimental?" asked Angeline, turning over the music sheets.

"Sing one of our mother's favorites—that dear old—

"The spacious firmament on high."

Angeline's hands swept the keys, her voice took up the sweet old melody, haunted with tender associations to them as wild flowers with sweet odors. Sicily joined her in a moment, and afterwards her brother's voice crept in, and the grand old words rolled down on a great wave of melody to the close.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Loyal men and women should make it a point of conscience to rebuke, instantly, all traitorous speech, north or south. Disloyalty to the government must not be tolerated even in word: it is a crime.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

BY MYSTIC.

A dizzying whirl of iron wheels,
A stifling heat that chokes the air;
A dingy light, that slowly steals
Through clouded panes, with faint appeals,
Like snatches of a whispered prayer.

A still white face, that long ago
Forgot the joy of childhood years;
Brown, tireless hands, that moving slow,
The gray eyes follow, dropping low
Their heavy lids, o'er unshed tears.

No woman fair, with tender eyes,
And lips that learn so swift to smile;
No hero soul, that dumbly lies
Enwrapped within the strange disguise,
And listens for God's voice the while.

A narrow life, a prisoned soul,
That sees Heaven's light shine cold afar;
Hard, cruel hands her tasks control,
Hope has for her no trial goal,
No Christmas morn with Eastern Star.

The timid light shrinks back, afraid
To look in eyes so blank and drear;
Or touch the lips that care has made
Unmeet for smiles, that might have prayed
With God's best blessing hovering near.

She hears the jarring thrills, that make
A mock of words, with throbbing brain,
And heart whose quivering chords awake
No fitful moan, but slowly break
In mournful cadences of pain.

She stands alone. The deafening sound
Dies faint along the trembling air,
She hears no more the wheels go round,
The chain is loosed whose links have bound
Her spirit helpless captive there.

She does not see the stony eyes
That scan her tasks with cruel care;
Her heart leaps up with joyful cries,
A mother's hand caressing lies
In loving blessing on her hair.

A child again, she murmurs low,
"Our Father," at her mother's knee—
A start of pain. The wheels turn slow,
With sudden jar. The daisies grow
Above the grave beside the sea.

Above the eyes whose tender light
Gave glow to hers, and joy and bliss;
Above the lips, unvisited and white,
The dear hands folded out of sight,
She learned so long ago to miss.

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF MR. LINCOLN.

We take these deeply interesting recollections from the New York Independent, to which they were contributed by Mr. F. B. Carpenter, the artist engaged to paint the great national picture commemorative of that sublime act of the President, the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation.—*Eds. Home Magazine.*

For six months of last year I was an occupant of the White House, permitted, during the whole of this period, the freedom of his (the President's) private office at almost all hours—engaged upon a work commemorating what he believed to be the greatest event of his life, and by far the most important of his administration; a work in which, as many will bear me witness, he felt and manifested the deepest interest; for the consummation and perfection of which he invited me to the White House. It is no exaggeration, then, to say, that my opportunities for seeing and knowing Mr. LINCOLN were almost unexampled.

Many friends have often urged me to write out for publication the incidents of these, to me, memorable six months. The obvious reasons which have hitherto stood in the way of this may be said now to exist no longer, and I hope at an early day to be able to put in permanent form many reminiscences which would at any time, in connection with the illustrious subject, have commanded popular interest, but which will now be invested with a sacredness which belongs only to the history of the world's martyrs.

Many persons have formed their impressions of Mr. LINCOLN from the stories in circulation attributed to him, and, consequently, suppose him to have been habitually of a jocund, humorous disposition. This was a characteristic side of him, but it was merely the by-play of his nature.

I believe that it was this happy faculty of throwing off care for the moment that kept him alive under his heavy burdens; but any true discerner of character, looking into that worn and seamed face, would have said at once, "He is a sad if not a melancholy man."

It has been the business of my life, as you know, to study the human face, and I say now, as I have said repeatedly to friends, Mr. LINCOLN had the saddest face I ever painted! During some of the dark days of last spring

and summer I saw him at times when his careworn, troubled appearance was enough to bring tears of sympathy into the eyes of his most violent enemies. I recall particularly one day, when, having occasion to pass through the main hall of the domestic apartments, I found him all alone, pacing up and down a narrow passage, his hands behind him, his head bent forward upon his breast, heavy black rings under his eyes, showing sleepless nights—altogether such a picture of the effects of weighty cares and responsibilities as I never had seen. And yet he always had a kind word and almost always a genial smile, and it was his way frequently to relieve himself at such times by some harmless pleasantry. I recollect an instance told me by one of the most radical members of the last Congress. It was during the darkest days of '62. He called upon the President, early one morning, just after news of a disaster. It was a time of great anxiety if not despondency. Mr. LINCOLN commenced telling some trifling incident—which the Congressman was in no mood to hear. He rose to his feet, and said, "Mr. President, I did not come here this morning to hear stories; it is too serious a time." Instantly the smile disappeared from Mr. LINCOLN's face, who exclaimed, "A——, sit down! I respect you as an earnest, sincere man. You cannot be more anxious than I am constantly, and I say to you now, that were it not for this occasional vent, I should die!"

A large number of those whom we saw every day came with appeals to his feelings in reference to relatives and friends in confinement and under sentence of death. It was a constant marvel to me that, with all his other cares and duties, he could give so much time and be so patient with this multitude. I have known him to sit for hours patiently listening to details of domestic troubles from poor people—much of which, of course, irrelevant—carefully sifting the facts, and manifesting as much anxiety to do exactly right as in matters of the gravest interest. Poorly clad people were more likely to get a good hearing than those who came in silks and velvets. No one was ever turned away from his door because of poverty. If he erred, it was sure to be on the side of mercy. It was one of his most painful

tasks to confirm a sentence of death. I recollect the case of a somewhat noted rebel prisoner, who had been condemned to death I believe as a spy. A strong application had been made to have his sentence commuted. While this was pending he attempted to escape from confinement, and was shot by the sentinel on guard. Although he richly deserved death, Mr. LINCOLN told Judge Holt in my presence, that "it was a great relief to him that the man took his fate into his own hands."

If the slightest occasion existed for showing clemency he was sure to improve it.

Judge Bates, in the same conversation referred to above, said that he had often told the President that "he was hardly fit to be intrusted with the pardoning power." "Why," said the Judge, "he can scarcely turn away from the application (if it touches his feelings) of a man, and the tears of a woman are sure to overcome him!"

A touching instance of his kindness of heart occurred quite recently, and was told me incidentally by one of the servants. A poor woman from Philadelphia had been waiting, with a baby in her arms, for three days to see the President. Her husband had furnished a substitute for the army, but some time afterward was one day made intoxicated by some companions, and in this state induced to enlist. Soon after he reached the army he deserted, thinking that, as he had provided a substitute the Government were not entitled to his services. Returning home, he was, of course, arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be shot. The sentence was to be executed on Saturday. On Monday, his wife left her home with her baby to endeavor to see the President. Said old Daniel: "She had been waiting here three days, and there was no chance for her to get in. Late in the afternoon of the third day the President was going through the back passage to his private rooms, to get a cup of tea or take some rest." (This passage-way has lately been constructed, and shuts the person passing entirely out of view of the occupants of the anteroom.) "On his way through he heard the little baby cry. He instantly went back to his office and rang the bell. 'Daniel,' said he, 'is there a woman with a baby in the anteroom?' I said there was, and if he would allow me to say it, I thought it was a case he ought to see; for it was a matter of life and death. Said he, 'Send her to me at once.' She went in, told her story, and the President pardoned her husband. As the woman came out from his presence, her eyes were lifted and

her lips moving in prayer, the tears streaming down her cheeks." Said Daniel: "I went up to her, and pulling her shawl, said, 'Madam, it was the baby that did it!'"

Another touching incident occurred, I believe, the same week. A woman in a faded shawl and hood, somewhat advanced in life, at length was admitted, in her turn, to the President. Her husband and three sons, all she had in the world, enlisted. Her husband had been killed, and she had come to ask the President to release to her the oldest son. Being satisfied of the truthfulness of her story, he said, "Certainly, if her prop was taken away she was justly entitled to one of her boys." He immediately wrote an order for the discharge of the young man. The poor woman thanked him very gratefully, and went away. On reaching the army she found that this son had been in a recent engagement, was wounded, and taken to a hospital. She found the hospital, but the boy was dead, or died while she was there. The surgeon in charge made a memorandum of the facts upon the back of the President's order, and, almost broken-hearted, the poor woman found her way again into his presence. He was much affected by her appearance and story, and said, "I know what you wish me to do now, and I shall do it without your asking me, I shall release to you your second son." Upon this, he took up his pen and commenced writing the order. While he was writing the poor woman stood by his side, the tears running down her face, and passed her hand softly over his head, stroking his rough hair, as I have seen a fond mother do to a son. By the time he had finished writing his own heart and eyes were full. He handed her the paper, "Now," said he, "you have one and I one of the other two left: that is no more than right." She took the paper, and reverently placing her hand again upon his head, the tears still upon her cheeks, said, "The Lord bless you, Mr. President. May you live a thousand years, and may you always be the head of this great nation!"

I could multiply these instances—for they were of constant occurrence—but my limits warn me to close. No more sincere tears have fallen during the past week than those shed by the humble and obscure in every part of the country, who had been in various ways in contact with that great heart. And many a poor boy, led into error, if not crime, but pardoned in his great compassion, feels to-day that in his death he has lost more than a father. Surely "THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED!"

LAY SERMONS.

FIELD LESSONS.

BY AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

In this blissful time of the year, when the earth is being "prepared as a bride adorned for her husband," we, of the family of Adam, seem wretchedly out of place with our mean ambitions, our poor, pitiful subterfuges and make-believes, our fine-spun theories, and our vaunted wisdom, which "is foolishness with God."

The cares and vanities of the world unfit us for the bridal festivities of earth and sun, and we come as guests unbidden to the banquet, having not on the wedding garment, and bearing no instrument of praise. The winds and the thunders roll forth their divine songs, their glorious "Hymns of the Ages;" the rivers sing together, and their mingled breaths mount up and hang in gorgeous cloud-pictures on the blue wall of Heaven; the delicate spring-blossoms write dainty madrigals on the earth, and the trees shake out their silky, green pennons, flinging up into the sea of air islands of beauty and balm, whereon the bird-ships run astrand, and spill, in rippling showers of melody, the treasures they have gathered in aerial sails. Everything fills its Heaven-appointed place; everything rounds out its life to completeness, from the tiny blade of grass pricking its green spear through the mould, even to the sun upon his throne, dispensing royal favors throughout his kingdom. Everything lives out its true self, and so acts perfectly its part—only we, holders of the earth and inheritors of Heaven, stumble and stammer, and cannot find our appointed places, and do not know the thing we are to do, nor do the thing we know.

Something like this Sylvia said, while her tears dripped fast on the tender April blossoms that she gathered up to hide the sickness of soul which her speaking face betrayed.

Down below seethed and swirled the vexed and troubled life of the town; but up the breezy slopes of the mountain, one seemed to get nearer to God, and to walk above the thunder and tempest of one's own passions.

Sylvia—well, she had another name, but what matter?—Sylvia went up nigh to Heaven's gate that day, but the exceeding brightness of the light that streamed over and around her dazzled and tortured her. She felt the Divine eyes searching her soul; heard the Divine voice of Him that was elain reproaching her for her weakness and sin, asking grievously, "Lovest thou me?"—and doubt, and pain, and sorrow took possession of her. Like Saul of Tarsus, when the same ineffable glory shined round about him, and the same questioning Voice pierced to the ear of his spirit, she fell down

weak and trembling, crying, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Not at once was it told to Saul what he should do, and not by a sudden flash of Heavenly light is the path of life made clear to any of us. Arise—do thy present duty. Afterwards it shall be shown thee what thou must do. If the promise is unfulfilled, it is because the command is unobeyed.

But oh! this tarrying at Damascus, spiritually blind and sick, without knowledge, and without purpose, and without strength! Sad enough this, but sadder afterwards, when the scales are fallen from our eyes, when the "commandment" is received, and, fired with holy zeal to work righteous works, we find our powers crippled by the uprising of a mutinous crew within; and from conquering the kingdoms of the world, as we aspired to do, we are forced to narrow the plan of our campaign, and set all our energies to the task of subjugating the kingdom of self. The labor does not seem a glorious one. We bow under humiliating burdens, are taken by the strategy of the foe, are often laid asleep and shorn of our strength by some bewildering Delilah of the senses, and our cause near lost, not by reason of the enemy's superior strength, but by our own unfaithfulness. In this veiled, silent battle of ours is heard no clash of arms, and our victories are celebrated by no braying of trumpets, and waving of flags, and pealing of bells—only sometimes, in the pauses of the fight, we think we hear the cheering shouts of the glorified ring down from the watch-towers of Heaven, reminding us that they who once fought under the self-same banners are become conquerors forevermore.

Sometimes! But there are *other* times of gloom, and doubt, and discouragement, when—God help us—we parry with faint blows the wounding thrusts of the enemy; when our angel prompters vanish from their heavenly outposts, and the brooding spirit of evil hovers low over us; when blessed opportunities for good go by with beckoning hands, and, weak and exhausted by intestine strifes, we can only gaze after them with despairing eyes, in shame and humiliation bowing in acknowledgment of that "law of sin," under whose yoke Saul also labored, confessing that when he would do good, evil was present with him.

Sylvia, forgetting to hide her sorrowing face, dropped her hands wearily, and the frail, faint blossoms, slipping from her loosened clasp, ran in a fragrant shower over her sombre robe. Her companion stooped and gathered them up reverently, with soft and careful touch, as if the tears trembling and sparkling in their sweet cups had been jewels of precious worth.

"Sylvia's admirers have contended for the honor of wearing her cast-off festive flowers," he said, "but no gala-day blossom, though it had opened under the pressure of her smiling lips, could be half so sacred to me as this simple knot of violets wet with the rain of humble and penitent tears."

"Poor innocents," she murmured, with an accent of pity, reaching out her hand for the delicate cluster. "Poor innocents; they droop as if they were smitten by the breath of fire. What wrong had they done that I should have given them this bitter baptism? Their life was better and truer than mine, and taught deeper and holier lessons. When the vernal sunbeams went down into the earth to awaken them from their death-like sleep, with what alacrity they sprang up into the chill and gloom of the spring dawn, and slipping on quickly their pink and azure robes, stood, suddenly, in loving groups all over the brown hillocks of the open woods, making breaks of beauty in the midst of sear desolation; smiling bravely when the cruel east winds mocked and scourged them, and icy rains fell into their tender hearts; sweetening the air with incense when human feet strode rudely over them—living and dying, glorifying God in their meek, humble, beautiful way. I am ashamed before them, Harold. The sweetness of their life rebukes the barrenness of mine."

"Are ye not much better than they?" If God so clothe the grass and flower of the field with beauty and excellency, how much more will He clothe you, oh child of little faith, in spiritual garments of light and gloriousness? If the lower forms of life which He has created be, in their imperfect way, such eloquent witnesses of His infinite goodness, how much more shall you, who are made in His image and likeness, reflect the riches of His wisdom and the treasures of His love?"

"It is not in denial of my possibilities for good that I set other forms of life in contrast unfavorable to my own," Sylvia said, with a heart-beat more of strength and courage in her voice. "It is because my capacities are so much greater, and my powers for usefulness so far transcend theirs, that I feel rebuked by the simple, earnest, worshipful life of God's humbler and less gloriously endowed creatures. They, with their one talent, serve Him more faithfully than I with my ten. It is the knowledge of my ability to do which condemns me for not doing."

"We have half conquered evil, Sylvia, when we become sensible of, and sorrowful for, its power over us. For the rest, it is the struggle of a lifetime to fling off our yoke of bondage, and walk free sons and daughters of God—yet a struggle which no one who is truly engaged in it will ever give up, though he may sometimes, under the pressure of doubt and discouragement, cease, for a moment, to wrestle. But when the clouds furl off the face of his hope, he will pluck up his weapons with fresh strength and courage, for there comes such blessedness with

fighting for the right that he who has once fought will fight again."

Had you heard this man's voice, you would have known that he spoke from experimental knowledge. His words were simple enough, but his full soul was in them, and they inspired the faint heart with purpose and strength to work with courage, and patience to wait for crowning victories. We know by the sound of a voice when it touches upon earnest themes, whether its utterances can help us. We have heard one "speak with the tongues of men and of angels," whose words were in our ears as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal," for he testified of that which he knew not. We have heard the word of God read from consecrated places in a voice which denied its divinity—which spilled its holy wine upon the ground, and gave to the fainting and dying only the emptied bottles. We have heard words of divine counsel and comfort which, in rare moments, have thrilled our souls like the audible voice of God, recited as one might recite a passage from a strange tongue, guessing not its meaning, and inwardly hurt, as if somewhat sacred had been trampled on; we have nearly cried—"Forbear! Thou hast not entered into the holies of this saying. It is not yet interpreted to thee. If thou wilt help us, preach that thou knowest and hast felt," continued Sylvia's friend; "there are self-satisfied people, who imagine they hold a cheek for their souls, to be delivered without farther trouble, at the termination of this terrestrial line, who will tell you that you can never reach your ideal—that therefore it is useless for you to strive—that it is a great deal better to be content as you are than to wear yourself out in the vain effort to come into a state of heavenly innocence in this life. 'Angels do not dwell in human flesh,' say they; and if you, remembering that the Lord was once so tabernacled, strive to live according to His precepts, failing often?—oh, true, true! they will warn you of the sin which lies in 'works,' and slip on your hands this link, snatched from the golden chain of the Scriptures—'There is none that doeth good, no, not one. Nevertheless, 'He that abideth in Me, and I in him, bringeth forth much fruit,' saith the God-Man. 'The works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do.' Who shall dare to set limits where God hath set none? It is true you will never be able to reach your ideal. Ever it will shine above you, far and beautiful. Ever, as you climb up after it, it will ascend, from height to height, from glory to glory, until it shall seem to beam on you, and beckon to you from the very heavens, a vision of celestial grace and beauty—the image of that you shall be when the dust of earth has fallen like a cloud from your spirit. If you cease to strive after it, its glory will grow dim; if you turn your face away from it, it will hang like a thin gray mist on the heights above your life; if your feet go downward, it will drop below your horizon, and the way

of ascent will be hedged up with tenfold difficulties. So much as you defile and bring low the beauty of your ideal life, so much do you lessen your power of good in the life that is, and so much take away from the glory of the life that is to come."

"But if I never cease to strive, and yet do not advance?" Sylvia began, doubtfully.

"Can that be?" Heydon tossed away with his cane the heap of withered leaves which half choked a baby-elm, that clung by slender roots in the strong soil at his feet. "If this young sapling looks only to the lofty, wide-spreading tree which it aspires to become, it no doubt regards itself as a very little, mean, insignificant shoot, of no perceptible growth; but if it glances, now and then to the ground, it finds it has come a goodly way, and that, since a year ago, when just the spirit of a tree, it pushed its colorless leaves up into the light, it has made truly wonderful progress. It may, like you, long to reach its goal at one bound; to spring in a single day to the stature and fulness of a perfect tree; but it must, like you, be content with a gradual growth and development of its powers, sending forth this year twigs, which next year shall be branches, putting out other twigs for summer heats and rains to foster, and winter frosts to harden, going on from season to season unto perfection, in gratitude flinging down yearly its crown of verdure to enrich the soil that gave nurture to its roots, and scattering far and near its million-winged seeds, through which, for countless generations, its life and beauty shall be perpetuated."

"But don't you see," interrupted Sylvia, "that from the very nature of its circumstances, this infant tree can never, with all its aspirations, become a perfect model and proper representative of the beauty of its kind? Its roots are struck in rocky, barren soil, and its bleak, unsheltered position, exposes it to fierce north-western winds, which will force all its boughs in one direction, as you may see they have already bent its supple stem. By nature it is erect, self-centered, unbiassed; but forced to contend always against adverse powers, it cannot embody perfectly its affection in visible form any more than I, whom earthly circumstances and influences so largely govern, can bring into the broken, imperfect body of my human life the divine spirit which is given me of the Father, which is mine, and which is not mine, because I cannot temple it."

"Yet which is so much nearer yours by the effort you make to enshrine it than if you made not that effort. As the tree is not answerable for the barrenness of the soil in which its feet are planted, nor for the rudeness of the winds which assault it, but only for the measure of its resistance to influences unfavorable to its true development, so neither are you responsible for those evils of your position which you have not contributed to bring about, but only for the degree in which you yield to them

and are false to your knowledge of truth and right. The soul that with all favoring influences and helpful agencies grows into fair and beautiful proportions, is not so truly great as one that, shaping its course through difficulties that would have appalled and overwhelmed others, unfolds a life not so evenly developed, perhaps—not a model of grace and beauty, but pure, and sweet, and strong, nevertheless, and far more efficient to teach and powerful to help other souls than if it had reached higher ground with fewer hindrances and lesser temptations. Not he who under fairest auspices does well, but he who under *all* circumstances does his best, is worthy of our admiration and our reverence. Our conditions are what they are; we must make of them what we can. He whose head lies low to-day, said once, with that profound humility, which was one of his most beautiful characteristics and an indication of his true greatness, that he claimed not to have controlled events, but events had controlled him. Another, in whom the love of dominion was stronger, and who would have delighted in the exercise of power granted by his position, might have pushed affairs to a speedier culmination; but this man, who sought not his own glory, but the glory of the nation; who acted only after mature deliberation and secret counsel with God; who claimed not to rule events, but patiently waiting their unfolding, did, without assumption of superior knowledge and foresight, what, in his judgment, seemed wisest and best under the circumstances to do—this man, tried in the furnace, and weighed in the balances, has so far proved his worth and demonstrated his capacity to fill honorably the high position to which, with some doubt and trembling, his countrymen first lifted him, that his departure from earth seems to-day the saddest event, the direst calamity that has befallen us in all these years of tumult and suffering. Ah, if Abraham Lincoln, in the stress and trouble of the earlier days of his administration, when the faith of the people was not so strong in him, nor the path so clear before his feet as in later times, could have listened to one tithe of the tender, appreciative reverential words that millions of choking voices have spoken of him since his ear is deaf to earthly censure or praise, how would his sorely-tried soul have been comforted and strengthened for the work it had to do! Little our plaudits or our reproaches matter now. His work is done—nobly and bravely done—and he has gone to his reward. But the fruit of his labor remains. Hatred and malice have done what they could. They have pierced through his body the hearts of them that loved and revered him; but his life they have not taken, nor can take. Spite and malignity may blow their foul breath over it, but they cannot pollute it; they make cowardly thrusts at it under cover of the night, but they cannot slay its influence. God's servant, Abraham Lincoln, is not dead.

"The lesson which we need to learn, his livin

helps to teach. Under all difficulties, dangers, temptations; under animadversions, reproaches, persecutions, to perform faithfully, to the best of our ability, the duties of the position in which, with or without our seeking, we find ourselves placed; the path of right clear before us, to plant our feet firmly thereon, and, with God's gracious help, to stand—the work appointed for us to do made manifest, to do it with our might. The way He will show us—the work is at hand. We have no need to run hither and thither in search of it. *Here* is our appointment; let us not be untrue to it. Let us not, in our zeal to do good, grasp after the far, and miss the near. Let us not say, if our conditions were otherwise—if this hindrance were removed, or if that assistance were rendered, we could accomplish marvellous things. Our true glory consists in accomplishing what we *can*, with this hindrance, and without that assistance. What is the merit of doing 'marvellous things' under chosen conditions. If one strong and vigorous, by a beaten road, go up to the mountain-top we will not praise him; if one weak and halt go but half way up, breaking his own path, we may boast of him a little. I will not pronounce on a man's work until I know in what manner he accomplished it; what difficulties he overcame; what sacrifices he made; what infirmities he labored under. I will not extol him for his acts of benevolence, nor for his deeds of heroism which are done before the world, if I know that he scorns, neglects and tramples upon the small, sweet, humble duties that cluster along the path of his daily life. I will not believe strongly in his goodness who labors with much words to convince me of it; who cries with a loud voice—'Go to now; I will accomplish a great work in the earth, and my name shall be coupled with blessing in the mouths of all these people;'

who, with flourish of weapons, and blowing of trumpets, and calling of holy names, and with great noise of preparation, doeth 'good deeds,' and soundeth the glory thereof before the world, straining his ear to catch its plaudits, bowing his head to receive its tawdry crown of praise—the goodness of this man is more offensive and noisome to me than the wickedness of humbler men.

"But friend, I am going to great lengths. From this pile of stones, with a handful of spring beauties, and an elm sprout for my text, I had nearly rivalled Lucifer in discoursing to sinners. See! the sun has gone down in the valley. The shadows are coming up the mountain like giants to seize us. Shall we go down bravely to meet them?"

Sylvia arose and drew closer her mantle, shuddering inwardly as she looked into the gloom below.

"It is just like my life," she said, sadly, as they went slowly down the winding path of the hills, "I run up sometimes to the mountains of faith, and stand in the presence of God and the angels; but the shadows of earthly cares and troubles climb up after me, and as I sink into the blackness of their night, my goodly company vanishes, and I am the sport and the prey of the evil shapes which infest the darkness."

"I know." The answering voice was full of sympathy. "I have experienced all that. But now, when my peculiar troubles threaten to engulf me on my heights, I do not cower and shudder as I did, but I turn and face them boldly, bearing down into their depths the light that God has lent me, and like phantoms, they pale and vanish as these shadows that brood in the valley will pale and vanish to-morrow, when the light of the sun rolls down the slopes of the mountains."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE MOTHER'S MISTAKE.

A Sketch from Life.

BY E. R. M.

Mercy Earle had just been left a widow. There were many of her friends and acquaintances who wondered at her fortitude and self-reliance in her bereavement. She had been deeply and tenderly attached to her husband, and the home of Walter Earle, though that of a poor man, had been a pleasant and cheerful place. He had seemed to be her all in life—his comfort, happiness, and welfare had been her only study for years. Suddenly, while absent on a journey, he was stricken with disease and died before she could be summoned.

As we have said, many marvelled at the resignation and fortitude of the young widow. She was not a professing Christian, and had never seemed to have any interest in religious topics or exercises

of devotion. Even now they did not seem to reach her heart, or to be recognized or desired as a consoling power. Yet she was calm, self-poised in manner, and went about her duties with a look which spoke of some hidden source of strength and content which reconciled her to life and its pursuits.

Those that knew her best soon saw that this source was her love for her only child, a daughter eight years of age. Having before occupied a secondary place in her mother's heart, Estelle Earle seemed suddenly to have been elevated to the first, and to receive the homage and devotion which had been lavished upon her father. Before his death, Walter had seemed to love the child best, and to think most of her future, of her education and position. Perhaps at first for his sake Mercy resolved that none of his plans should be frustrated, and that Estelle should yet be tenderly nurtured and carefully taught. She was one of

those persons who have but one paramount idea or purpose, who must have that one, and, having it, follow it patiently, persistently, unalterably to the end.

One month after her husband's death her life was devoted to her child, her future mentally mapped out, and circumstances were being quietly moulded and modified to suit her purposes and plans. A few weeks more and she was settled to her task. The sale of her furniture furnished funds for her removal to the home of a relative in a country village where work was abundant, and for the purchase of a sewing machine. Her services in the family during some hours of the day were an equivalent for the board of herself and the child, and during the remainder she sat faithfully and neatly finishing garment after garment, and adding the price of each to her store for the clothing and schooling of Estelle. The little girl was placed at a good private school, and was always carefully, even beautifully dressed. She was a fair, intelligent, and healthy child, beautiful in the eyes of her mother, and pleasant-faced and attractive in those of all her friends. Viewing the mother's devotion and the child's capacity, one would have prophesied a bright reward for all her maternal toil, care, and sacrifice.

But Mercy Earle, self-sacrificing, tender and heroic as she was, was not judicious and skilful in the training of her child's nature. Like too many mothers, she forgot that where much is given and naught required, the recipient becomes too often selfish, exacting, and indolent. At twelve years of age, Estelle, accustomed to associate with the children of wealthier parents—accustomed to see and desire costly and gay clothing—receiving attention from all around, often because it was the way to win the heart of the poor, wearied mother to notice her child—accustomed to that mother's pale face and constant toil, as to her untiring kindness and indulgence, was not affectionate, not grateful, not thoughtful as she should have been.

If any sense of these deficiencies, if any harsh, unloving word, or petulant demand touched the heart of Mrs. Earle with sad foreboding, it was quickly thrust aside. "She was now only a child—as she grew older she would see and appreciate all her labors," and she toiled on. Estelle must have every advantage possible; she must be spared all work, all care, all privation. She should be a lady; if ever necessitated to earn her bread, it must be by the exercise of lady-like accomplishments, not by any manual art. And so, with heavier expenses, with more constant toiling in her one little room, with more careful economy in her own wardrobe, and more incessant care to increase the little store of hard-earned dollars laid by, the years passed on till her daughter had numbered fifteen summers. A tall, almost womanly form, a fair, fresh, laughing face, with regular features, bright blue eyes and abundant brown hair made Estelle almost beautiful, while her manner was, to

nearly all who knew her, a charming mixture of abandon and dignity. We say to nearly all, for now, even those of Mrs. Earle's friends who had most admired her devotion to the child, began to see that on Estelle's part there was not any depth of tender and grateful returning love.

She was always selfish, though perhaps habitually and unconsciously so. How should she be otherwise when no self-denial, or care for others, had ever been required of her? She was often petulant, unreasonable and imperious, especially towards her mother, and any exertion or slight labor, even for her own benefit, was either shunned or magnified into a miracle of perseverance and industry. It was in vain that kind friends and relatives sought to rectify these faults, for the misguided mother, growing daily more infatuated with her plans and their object, and occupied with the toil and anxiety of providing means for their success, grew blinder to the failings of her darling, and resented any attempt at interference, as she termed it, with her influence.

Estelle had been for a year attending as a day-scholar a female college located in their village, and now for two more years the golden, youthful hours flew by, and the tender, girlish nature grew older and more unimpressible. Contact with the little world of school experiences, and with fanciful chance companionships, led her from knowledge to knowledge without the restraining, softening influences of a mother's watchful teaching. She, poor woman, was too tired at night to inquire into the events of the day, or by gentle, motherly comment and instruction to improve them to the use of her child. She had long since neglected to keep up acquaintance with the literature to which she had access; she had not time, she must work for her child. How bitter must have been the result, when her child blushed or sneered at her mother's ignorance. Alas! that in her over-anxiety to provide for the temporal wants and advantages, Mercy Earle had forgotten, or transferred to others' care, the spiritual and passionate nature and needs of her child.

But when Estelle had reached seventeen, it became too manifest to escape even her mother's eye, that all hopes of her being distinguished as a scholar were vain. With all her advantages she had only acquired a superficial knowledge of the ordinary branches of study, and would not apply herself closely to any pursuit which required persevering effort. But as she was considered pretty, amiable, and accomplished, Mrs. Earle began to have other dreams for her future. During the years of her widowhood she had received and declined several offers of marriage from men of irreproachable character and abundant means—nothing should take her from entire devotion to Estelle. Now, the poor, pale face, which might yet have been young and fair but for these long years of incessant labor, began to brighten as she thought of her daughter, married, with wealth and comfort

about her, shielded forever from care and sorrow, lifted above poverty and privation by the strong arm of a loving one. Estelle must marry well and rich—for herself it would be happiness enough, almost more than she dared hope for, to be Estelle's housekeeper; to be always near her, to save her from responsibility and care. James Rockford, their clergyman's eldest son, who was just finishing his studies as a lawyer, plainly showed by his attentions that to him Estelle was "the star" which he hoped would shine on his way through life, and she, almost awakened from her long dream of selfish inaction, felt while leaning on his arm that there was a beauty in his life, and a charm in his tender, poetical, manly character, to win her steps upward to heights she had never before scanned. But this would not do. James Rockford was poor, and before the young hearts had found their way to the lips, the prudent mother's fears had been awakened, and Estelle was sent away to some distant relatives for a visit of some weeks. Here she mingled in gay company, and the impression upon her heart which James' partiality might have made were quickly destroyed. She returned giddy with admiration, full of excitement, and fonder than ever of dress and show, and was soon followed by a new acquaintance, a gentleman from the city she had visited. Everard King

was handsome, if regular features, jet-black hair and whiskers, and dark, saucy eyes, constitute that disputed quality. His manners were familiar and agreeable, and more than all, his family were known to be wealthy. The young man seemed to be very much in love, and his suit progressed rapidly, favored as it was by the gratified mother. In a few months the hoarded store of hardly earned dollars was brought out for the purchase of wedding paraphernalia, and Everard King became the husband of the Widow Earle's daughter.

A month later, when the wedding tour was over, and they began to talk of housekeeping, the mother, after listening in vain for any plans which included her future home, timidly suggested her hope of living with her daughter. They heard her in silence, but the next day Estelle, who for a long time had shown little tenderness or affection for her mother, informed her that Everard did not think it best to make such an arrangement, having a prejudice against having a "mother-in-law" in the house, and adding, that as she had brought him no fortune, of course she could not ask him to do so.

And so the poor, wearied woman, broken in health and spirits, with no love to cheer, no farther incentive to toil, went back to her one room, and her work for daily bread, while Estelle King, in a distant city, revels in gayety and luxury.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

DOWN ON THE BEACH.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was in the ripening of the summer, and up among the hills even the winds had gone to sleep. The sultry, heavy, dry dog-days' heat hung everywhere. The fiery sun beat down on everything. It was just that sort of heat which mellows the juices in plum and peach, which streaks with scarlet the apples in the orchards, and blackens the berries that sprinkle with jet flakes the bushes all over the swamps and the meadows.

But down on the beach where we were—the long, gray curve of beach at the foot of the rocks, that made me think of some vast serpent with shining scales stretched out in the sun to dry—down on the beach where the little sea-shells lay thick on the sands as May violets in meadow grasses, the winds came in from the sea with a soft coolness, and with that touch of salt spiciness in them which seems to breathe invigoration into every nerve and fibre of one's system. The tide was coming in, the long, slow waves with a strength, and number, and majesty, that made me think of a great army moving to battle, and the spray was like their white plumes tossing up and down in the wind.

My cousins—half a dozen of them—merry, hearty, rollicking boys and girls, with healthy tan on their cheeks, and swift blood in their stout young limbs, were busy as a little colony of ants. Some were digging clams in the warm, moist sand, some were hunting for green tassels of sea-weed, some were running with bare feet into the edge of the spray that made a white hem all along the sand, while their fathers and mothers sat in the carriage under the shade of the pines.

And a little way from them I sat, under the pines too, and I heard the shout of the waves as they called to each other and rode up on the sands in a wild, strong joy that thrilled me through and through; and I heard, too, the long, mournful swell of the wind among the pines—that unutterably sad, solemn sound, that made me think of nothing else but a heart full of unrest and grief.

And perhaps it was that long, slow, grieving sigh of the wind among the pines which sent my memory back to the words which I had read that morning up at the house—the words of a soldier who had been wounded at the battle of Antietam. He was a young lieutenant, and a minnie ball had struck through from shoulder to shoulder, and he said to the young captain who had come to take his place on the battle-field and at the head of his

men—"I wish my mother could take care of me!"*

Oh dear, dear! I seem to hear those sad, pitiful words go to and fro in the long, sighing, mournful wind among the dark pines over my head. "I wish my mother could take care of me!"

The words wander up and down my thoughts; and I find, sitting here all alone, that the great tears are running down my cheeks; and the merry shout and laughter of my cousins, and the strong rush of the waves, and the pleasant hum of the voices of my aunts and uncles, a little way off, cannot drown the words of the poor wounded young officer.

I seem to see the dark afternoon, with the livid sky overhead, and to hear the drip, drip of the rain, and the sharp whistle of the rifle balls among the trees, and the wounded and dead and dying faces turned up to the clouds; and I hear the groans, and the shouts, and the prayers, and the curses, and through all comes the woful pathos of that ever recurring chorus—"I wish my mother could take care of me!"

Ah, she must have been a good mother; she must have had a tender smile and a soothing hand. It seems to me—I suppose it is all a fancy—that I see her now; a little woman, with a pale face, a good deal faded, the smooth, dark hair over her forehead sanded thickly with gray, but a real mother-face, the steady eyes full of a strong tenderness through all their tears, the lips trying to keep a smile for love's sake, while they are all a quiver with the sob behind them. Ah, she must have been a good mother, or on that battle-field, or in the sharp agony of his fresh wounds, the young soldier's heart could not of all the world have turned to her!

And no wonder. Had she not sung him with sweet lullabies into the dreams of his babyhood? Had he not lisped his first prayers at her knee, while there dawned on his young soul a faint conception of what God's love meant, because of the love he saw in her face? Had she not been, through all his strong, hearty, rollicking boyhood his guide, his counsellor, his comfort? And when he was sick, did he not know whose was that soft footfall creeping around his bedside? Had he not felt the cool, soothing touch of those fingers on his aching head? Ah, no wonder the lieutenant said, when the pride of his young manhood was cut down in a breath, when the blood beat fierce and feverish through his veins, and the sharp pains cut and throbbed among

his wounds, that he "wished his mother could take care of him!"

Strange faces about his pillow, instead of hers dropping its tenderness over him; strange voices in his ear, careless hands at his wounds. Oh, mother, mother, in the far-off quiet home, in the shadow, it may be, of New England hills, did you think of the battle-field that afternoon, lying under the gray masses of rain? Did you think of the stormy rush of the bullets and the sharp crack of the rifles? And did you think of your boy lying there, and wishing "mother could take care of him?"

All these thoughts kept going to and fro in my soul, as the wind did in the pines. I could not join in my cousins' loud frolics, for the long fever that had almost drained the springs of my life had left me faint and languid, and the talk of the elders went too deep for me, for my eleventh birthday did not yet lie on my head.

But they had brought me down to the Beach to let the strong salt air sting up my blood into new life, and so I sat there under the pines, drinking in their breath that was like pleasant balsams, and listening to their slow, solemn chant, and thinking my own thoughts. And the tide came in, strong as an army with banners, and the sea shook out its spray like a vast snowy mane on the sands; and through all these things I seemed to hear the voice of the young soldier afar off calling for his mother.

THE WONDERFUL CONVENTION.

BY L. A. B.

One morning little Archer Dane heard the old Shanghai cock call out at the top of his voice—

"We are all ready now!"

He knew there was something unusual going on in the farm-yard, so he ran over to see what it was. He found all the animals of the farm gathered together, and very much animated about something, for they seemed to be talking together in groups, while Chanticleer stood on the horse-block. All seemed interested and waiting, except two half-grown chickens, who were quarrelling over a crust of bread, but the hen soon made peace between them, by seizing the discordant crust and devouring it herself. Then all were quiet. The cow walked forward to the centre of the yard, swallowed her cud, brushed away a persistent fly, and said—

"It has been a disputed question for all ages—indeed it was the cause of a serious disturbance in the Ark—as to which is the most excellent of all the beasts of the field; and as civilization has now reached its highest point, and our judgment has become perfected, it was thought proper to call a convention, and decide this vexed question now and forever. Are we all here?"

"We are all here!" cried Sir Shanghai, flapping his wings.

But upon inquiry the cat and dove were found to be missing. The cat made her appearance upon

* This story is strictly true. It was related by Captain Robert H. Gillette to his father. We give it here in his own words—"Lieutenant Crosby I have seen. He is wounded through from shoulder to shoulder. He is, I judge by his looks, a fine fellow. He said—'I wish my mother could take care of me.' He seemed glad that I had come to take the company." Captain Gillette, son of Hon. Francis Gillette, a young man of unusual promise, uniting great integrity of character with most attractive qualities of heart, was instantly killed at the explosion of Fort Fisher.

being summoned, but her temper was none of the sweetest, for she declared with much spitting and sputtering, setting up her back and enlarging her tail, that she did not choose such company as dogs and geese. Whereupon the geese hissed and the dog gave a short bark; but the cat treated them with silent contempt, and only set her back higher, and waved her tail to and fro.

The dove fluttered down upon a barrel, and laid her head over the neck of her mate. She seemed sad and depressed.

The ox then said that he thought Chanticleer, who had travelled in foreign countries and seen a great deal of the world, would make the best judge. So he was chosen almost unanimously.

To be sure the turkey made some invidious reflections. He said he could not see why the Shanghai cock was any better than other people because he had been about the world; to be sure he was the veriest fop alive, merely a travelled fowl; no one heard but the sheep, however, and he always went with the majority, and he knew, too, the turkey was piqued because he had not been chosen himself.

Chanticleer was much elated at his honors, and hopped round three times, then cleared his throat, and began—

"This is a subject upon which I have spent years of anxious thought. And while I am deeply grateful to this convention for the honor they have conferred upon me by making me their umpire, allow me meekly to say that I trust I am not entirely unworthy of it. I have spent nights in meditation upon this theme, when the world was wrapped in slumber, and my companions reposed on their roost with their heads buried in softest down. Often my midnight musings have quite overcome me, and I have raised my voice to rouse the world. After these mature reflections, I have at last come to a decision which must satisfy the wisest, and lay this question forever at rest."

He paused to scratch his ear, but the demonstrations of applause, and cries of "go on," "hear, hear," and question, caused him to resume his remarks.

"There can be but one animal in the world superior to the rest; then who can doubt that this one, who surpasses all others in beauty of form, sweetness of voice, domestic virtues, and all desirable traits of character, is that gentle creature you see diligently unearthing her daily food; in other words—my wife, the hen?"

Such an uproar as there was in the farm-yard at this climax. The colt commenced it by flinging his feet in the air dangerously near the horse-block, and capering three times round the yard; the ox fairly stamped with rage; pigs squealed, geese hissed, the cow lowed, the sheep bleated, the horse neighed—each sought to outdo the other in expressions of contempt for the travelled fowl.

There were two reasons for this displeasure and dissatisfaction. The convention saw that their

judge, with all his wit, and research, and foreign travel, was still prejudiced by his own personal interests, as many a judicial biped has often been before and since. Then they were all, like poor Sir Shanghai, blinded by their own conceit and selfishness, for, secretly, each member of the council thought himself superior to all the rest.

As soon as order was restored, and the grandiloquent fowl, with drooping plumes, had slunk behind the watering trough, they all called for Archer to be their judge. But he thought the horse better qualified, as he had once belonged to a judge, and subsequently to a Methodist minister. He was a grave and venerable animal, and had grown quite gray. His mild and placid temper had won the hearts of his companions, and they were well pleased with Archer's suggestion.

He took a swallow of water, and then said, that it seemed to him far more just to allow each one the privilege of presenting his claims to distinction, and called first upon the goose, who lifted her head as high as she could, and waddled along.

"I can swim," she said; "I am fair and white as the lily; I give feathers for the repose of the weary; I give quills to write the history of this convention, to write all manner of books—what can be greater than this?"

The cow was next called, who said—
"Man could not live without me. I give milk for food; I furnish the richest dainties for his table—butter and cream. I give my flesh for meat, my skin for boots and shoes, my horns for combs. I am loved by all. This is better than all the quills and feathers in the world."

Next spoke the sheep.
"Man can live without dainties, such as feathers and cream, but without wool he would freeze. Let me but pull the wool over the eyes of this convention, and you will all admit that the sheep is the most excellent of all the animals of the earth."

The ox pleaded his untiring industry at the cart and plow; the horse spoke eloquently of his great speed, and his utility in cases of life and death; the cat showed that without her valuable services rats and mice would overrun the earth; the dog spoke ably of his superior sagacity, devotion and bravery. Each one came promptly forward, conscious of his own virtues and ready to extol them.

"Have all spoken?" asked the judge.
"All," was shouted on every side.
"I think there is still another," said the white-haired horse, looking kindly towards the barrel.

The dove bowed her head still lower over the neck of her mate, as if to hide herself from view. They all looked at her with disdain, and thought she might as well hide her head, for what good did ever a dove do? Still the judge waited, and she murmured, faintly—

"Pass me by—I can do nothing."
"No, she can't even swim," said the duck, picking proudly at her ugly web feet.

"Nor root up the ground," said the pig, digging his nose under a board and turning it glibly over.

Then the judge prepared to give his decision, and each one felt quite sure he would be the victor; for some people cannot see why every one else does not have the same opinion of them that they entertain of themselves.

"I have listened to you all," said the wise old horse, "and have considered all your pleas. They are very good. But many years ago, when I used to carry my good old master over the hills to the churches, where he went to teach the people holy things, he often used to talk to me for want of better audience, and many a good sermon have I heard from his lips. He used often to speak of Jesus of Nazareth, whom he called the Son of God. He was the best man that ever lived, and he taught men that love, and peace, and good-will, and the Spirit of God, were better than food and raiment,

and great riches and luxury. And this Jesus of Nazareth went down into the river of Jordan, and the heavens opened, and the Spirit of God came down and rested upon him; and the form of the Spirit was like a dove. He afterwards used to exhort his friends to be harmless as doves. It was also a dove that brought back the olive branch to the Ark. The old preacher said that the dove was the emblem of love, and peace, and gentleness, and good tidings—so she must be the most excellent of all creatures."

There was a deep silence after this decision, although a look of contempt sat upon many faces; but there was no violent demonstrations, for they saw that the horse was wise, although they could not understand half he said. But little Archer understood it, and he took the gentle dove to his bosom, and laid up the lesson in his heart, and grew kind, and loving, and gentle, every day.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON THE TEETH.

No. 6.

BY HENRY S. CHASE, M. D.

PLUGGING TEETH.

Notwithstanding the profession of dentistry is not of very recent origin, and its practitioners are found in every large village and town, and the plugging of decayed teeth was among the first operations in the early state of the art, and indeed, together with extraction, comprised for a long time the whole art, yet there are people in these days who innocently inquire if it does any good to fill decayed teeth. The question seems perfectly absurd when propounded to a well educated dentist. It might seem reasonable to an incompetent one, knowing as he does the results of his own operations. Certainly, it does a great good to a decayed tooth, when well performed.

When decay once commences in a tooth, it seldom stops short of the entire destruction of the organ. Now the object of plugging is to restore the tooth to its natural condition as far as possible, to replace with an indestructible substance the dentine and enamel, so that, in fact, when the operation is finished, the organ shall be in as good a condition to resist decay as it was previous to its having decayed at all. When the work is thoroughly done, in many cases the teeth are in much better condition for resisting decay than they ever were before. All dentists know this to be so. Owing to defective nutrition, sickness, or some other causes, the large and small molars frequently have, on their first appearance through the gums, narrow fissures no wider than the thickness of this printed leaf; in the large molars they are usually in the form of a cross on their grinding surfaces. Now you see these teeth are peculiarly liable to decay, because these crevices become filled with food, which ferments and dissolves the lime out of the tooth bone, and a larger cavity is gradually formed. If these crevices are filled with an indestruc-

tible metal when first discovered, but little tooth substance is lost and the teeth are better than ever. Here is the advantage gained by following the advice given in my last lecture, namely, to put your children under the care of a good dentist, and have him make semi-annual examinations of their teeth.

Many people never visit a dentist until they have the "tooth-ache;" then they desire to have the tooth saved. Now although this can generally be done, yet it involves a great amount of extra labor and expense, which might be avoided if the matter had been attended to in season; an expense which these procrastinating people are generally unwilling to bear, consequently the teeth are ultimately lost. Those who think it does no good to plug teeth, and judge from their own experience, are those who have either fallen into the hands of incompetent operators, or have forced a good operator to perform cheap operations. By cheap operations, I mean low-priced ones. It is very evident that a large gold filling must cost more than a large tin one, or one of amalgam. In the majority of cases the gold one would be the most economical in the end, but real inability or false notions of economy often impel the patient to choose some other metal. Those persons who are so fortunate as to be possessed of good sense, and put their teeth under the care of a competent operator, and demand of him his best skill, for which they are willing to pay, never complain that "it don't do any good to have teeth filled."

Gold is preëminently the best substance for the preservation of decayed teeth. It has properties which no other known metal has, peculiarly adapted to this purpose. Teeth having lost half their length and three-fourths of their substance, can be built out with it to their original size and shape. When a practitioner of dentistry tells you that a certain cavity can't be filled with gold, or that something else is "just as good," you had better bid him adieu, and seek a real dentist.

Now I do not wish you to understand me that tin foil and amalgams are of no use. They are useful, and when used with good judgment, are of great

benefit, on the principle that "a half-loaf is better than no bread." Again; if you are so situated that you think you must employ a poor operator, it would certainly be advisable to let him use cheap materials, for he is more accustomed to their use, and will do better for you with them than with gold. Yet if you must, from pecuniary circumstances, have your teeth filled with tin foil and other cheap metals, it is much better that you employ a competent and conscientious man to do it. The durability of plugs depends on circumstances over which the dentist has no control: consequently he ought not to be asked to "warrant" them. If a plug comes out, an honorable practitioner will do what is right in the case. From sickness, from medicines, from neglect of cleanliness, your tooth may decay near the plug and undermine it. In biting hard substances, like candy or a crust of bread, you may break off a portion of a filled tooth, and loosen it or expose it to decay. Therefore you must not think you have nothing more to do after having all necessary teeth plugged. You have much to do; you must carefully clean your teeth and fillings with brush, toothpick, and india-rubber or floss silk daily. Be a little careful what you *crush* between them; let your dentist examine them semi-annually.

As you grow older, you will find that there is less and less for the dentist to do for you. Your teeth are growing harder by age, and are less liable to decay.

You will find also that they are less sensitive to pain in filling, as you older grow.

In speaking of tin foil and amalgams, I neglected to say what I will now. As children very often require their temporary teeth to be plugged, to preserve them a few years only, until the second set take their places, it is not improper to fill them with temporary plugs of tin foil or other substances, if the cost is of any consequence. Occasionally, too, a sixth year molar, in the tender jaw, requires plugging, while the mouth is yet so small and the saliva so abundant as to prevent a good operation with gold. In this case, too, a temporary plug may be inserted, and when age has enlarged the jaw, and made the circumstances more favorable, it can then be removed and be replaced by a permanent one.

The operation of plugging teeth to *preserve* them, requires the highest skill of the dental art. Many men, who are accomplished in the manufacture of artificial teeth, miserably fail in that higher branch, which is devoted to the preservation of the NATURAL organs; therefore, my advice is to find out what the reputation of your dentist is for plugging and preserving teeth, before you employ him for that purpose. Do not take it for granted that he is skilled in this department, merely because he "is called a good dentist." This reputation is often obtained merely because he makes good-fitting "sets of teeth."

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

SUMMER RESORTS.

For many days there has been an animated discussion in the "home circle" concerning the relative merits of summer resorts. The hot brick walls are becoming quite unendurable, and where to find relief and comfort has been the question which for some time has occupied our undivided attention. We have not come to a satisfactory, practical decision upon the subject, but are trusting that the experience of this year may guide us in our summer trips in the future.

"Pater familias," who sweltered through the last "season" in a seven-by-nine oven at Saratoga, opened the ball early in June this year by placing his right pedal extremity emphatically upon the parlor carpet, declaring it his intention to give a wide berth to watering-places and public resorts for the remainder of his mortal existence.

The maternal "vine" shook her leaves pleasantly and smiled serenely, as she always does at the announcement of anything expected to be particularly disagreeable, because she was prepared by a previous secret discussion, and knew just what was forthcoming; but all the young "olive plants," though frequently warned by ominous mutterings, yet thought it proper to look extremely surprised at this sudden dash of cold water upon their gay anticipations. In imagination they had set all the muslin sails, and flung out the gay ribbons of our little family bark, and had confidently marked out the course it was to pursue, noting particularly upon the chart—Long Branch, Newport, Sharon, and Saratoga.

A half dozen hearts are fluttering with expectancy, while as many more hands are busy in preparation, when suddenly up rises the pilot of this little domes-

tic craft, and refuses to proceed one inch upon the prescribed route.

I am afraid our crew were not as docile and tractable as they should have been. Not one of them would have made the hero or heroine of a Sunday-school book, for they did not succumb meekly to parental authority, or accept the new dispensation with beautiful resignation, but, on the contrary, endeavored by persuasion and entreaty to induce a review of the paternal decision. They showed great ingenuity in their devices, and brought forward arguments really wonderful in the defence of their plans; but the "stern patriarch," when thus importuned, preserved ominous silence, but shook his head determinedly, pointing impressively to the scars of last year's flea-bites, which still remained conspicuous about his person. At this point his opponents rather felt that he had the advantage, and at last despairingly gave up the contest, and sullenly began a retreat into the valley of humiliation and chagrin.

What untoward consequences might have resulted from these inharmonious factions, it were impossible to say, since they were all happily prevented by the maternal peacemaker, who came bearing down under flag of truce, proposing an armistice and treaty of peace, of which the following were to be the conditions, viz., that each one should this season follow the bent of his own inclinations, seeking amusement and recreation in whatever way might seem most desirable. After some discussion, the terms of this agreement were acceded to, and, like Lee's army, we are on parole of honor, to continue as long as there are no violations of known law.

We are on the eve of our departure from the close, pent-up city—some to the country, some to the

springs, the mountains, and the shore. The varied experiences of the pleasure-seekers will find due record here from month to month for the benefit of our far distant members of the "Home Circle."

For the information of those bound for the country, or elsewhere in fact, we append the following instructions, clipped from Hall's Journal of Health, which are timely, clever, and amusing:—

"1. In going to the country to spend your summer, leave business behind, but take with you your entire stock of patience, courtesy, self-respect, and religion. Go as plain 'John Smith, gentleman.'

"2. If you have the first claim to be well-bred, you will be the last person in the world to volunteer any information on the subject. If it must be told, let it be by your conduct; let your entire deportment prove that you are a lady or a gentleman.

"3. Do not profess that you 'know' Mr. Astor, Mr. Grinnell, Mr. Minturn, or other distinguished citizens, when your entire knowledge consists in their having been pointed out to you on the street.

"4. Avoid claiming acquaintance with this or that family of note, when you only happen to have spoken to them on a rail-car or steamboat, or in some purely business transaction. An enterprising individual once claimed that he knew a distinguished judge very well. On inquiry, it was found that the said judge had once sent him to the penitentiary.

"5. If you have the first mite of common sense, and fully go to the country for recreation, enjoyment, and health, leave your best and second-best clothing at home; take only your common wardrobe, and but a small part of that; not only that the persons you 'stop with' may feel more easy, but that you may feel freer yourself to scale fences, climb trees, scramble up mountain sides, wade across creeks, penetrate forest tangles, and jump Jim Crow generally.

"6. Never turn up your nose at anything at the table; if you have the slightest disposition to do so, you may be sure it is a pug, and isn't long enough to turn. If you don't like a thing, let it alone; eat nothing, and by the next meal you may be glad to get anything.

"7. Remember that in going to the country a sensible man's object is neither to dress nor eat, chiefly, but to obtain mental repose, pure air, and unrestrained exercise.

"8. Endeavor to conform, without apparent effort, to the arrangements of the family with whom you board, and to the manners and customs of the people around you, as far as they do not compromise your principles of good morals and good taste.

"9. Be cheerful, be kind, be considerate, be accommodating.

"10. Do not obtrude your political or religious sentiments.

"11. Shun argument and controversy on any and all subjects.

"12. Let your courtesy come out naturally; and if religious, don't be a Pharisee.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY CLARENCE F. DUHLER.

Peace, bells! a nation's heart the knell is swelling
Of him o'er whom men grieve with women's tears
Wept for themselves, not him who now is dwelling
Immortal in two spheres.

Great was the statesman, but the man was greater;

His path to fame the narrow one; his brow

Bore truth, the autograph of his Creator,

That death holds sacred now.

Though bending 'neath his burden, still on Heaven
He kept his eyes; to him the iron will,
That fortune's wheel can ne'er crush out, was given,
That good might come of ill.

While history dropt her pen aghast, unceasing,
With the destroying angel on our strand,
He strove like Jacob, ne'er his hold releasing
Till it had blest the land.

In treason's grave, where dawns no resurrection,
The last red link of slavery's chain he threw:
One race shrines Washington in its affection,
But Lincoln ransomed two!

Mourn, black man, for the pioneer of Freedom!
Mourn, white man, for the noblest of your race!
A patriot, statesman, warrior—when we need them
Most—in one grave we place!

But he, like Moses, saw our future beaming
With his last glance, and for his last breath fell
The winds that just o'er Sumter had been streaming
The flag he served so well.

THE KINDNESS OF MR. LINCOLN.

With what avidity do we seize upon any little incident which serves to show the great, good heart of our martyr President. Every line of his life is treasured sacredly by the American people. And well it may be, for it was unblemished—without spot or stain. There is not a word in all that record that needs to be re-written or erased. Not an ugly mark or blot made in passion or through carelessness. It is a "plain, unvarnished tale," but clear, straight-forward, and complete. Another of the many little acts of kindness performed by this great man is thus recorded by a cotemporary:—

"In November last, a small, delicate boy patiently waited with the anxious crowd which had gathered in the room of the President. He was noticed by Mr. Lincoln, who said—

"Come here, my boy, and tell me what you want."

"The boy, trembling and abashed, stepped forward and placed his hand upon the arm of the chair in which the President was seated, and said—

"Mr. President, I have been a drummer in a regiment for two years, and my colonel got angry with me and turned me off; I was taken sick, and have been a long time in the hospital. This is the first day I have been out. I came to see if you cannot do something for me."

"The President looked kindly and tenderly at him, and asked him where he lived. He replied that he had no home.

"Where is your father?" said the President.

"He died in the army," answered the boy.

"Where is your mother?"

"My mother is dead also. I have no father, no mother, no brothers, no sisters," and, bursting into tears, the boy said, "and no friends. Nobody cares for me."

"The scene was very affecting. Mr. Lincoln's eyes filled with tears, and he said to him—

"Can't you sell newspapers?"

"No," said the boy, "I am too weak, and the surgeon of the hospital told me I must leave; and I have no money, and no friends, and no place to go to."

"The scene was indescribably tender and affecting, and the President immediately drew from his drawer a card, on which he wrote his wishes, that the officers

should care (in his own affectionate language) 'for this poor boy.'

"When the card was handed to the drummer boy, a smile lit up his face, all wet with tears, and he returned, fully convinced that he had at least one good and true friend in Abraham Lincoln."

OBEDIENCE IN CHILDREN.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

Obedience in children is a desirable trait; it is one more readily observed than many others. The command or request mildly, calmly, yet earnestly made, is promptly and properly obeyed. The child takes a pride in its obedience.

Occasionally I visit a friend who has a large family of children, and at each time I cannot fail to observe the order, quietness and obedience manifested. Quite recently I was engaged in conversation with him. It was cold, and a door near us was ajar. "Willie, please shut that door," he said to one of his children. The little fellow finished his house of blocks, then almost completed, got up, shut the door, and came to his father's side, apparently awaiting a pause in the conversation.

"Well, Willie," he asked, "what is it?"

"I am sorry, papa."

"Sorry for what, dear?"

"Because I did not shut the door *immediately*."

"Oh, well you will do better the next time."

The father patted the child on the head, he ran away satisfied, and the conversation was resumed. It was a simple occurrence, but for some reason or other it clings tenaciously to my memory. I never asked my friend to explain to me his system of parental government; but I have no doubt that the following were some of the distinctive points:—

- 1.—Always insisting upon a prompt obedience.
- 2.—Keeping every promise of award or threat of punishment.
- 3.—Never exhibiting anger in their presence. Punishing severely when he did punish; not immediately, nor when enraged, but at another time, and after a kind lecture of reproof and explanation.
- 4.—Addressing them in a voice uniformly low and kind.

He had said "please" to his own child. It was significant. He did not preach one thing and practice another. He always gave his children a hearing, endeavored to adapt himself to their childish thoughts and comprehensions, and to beautify them by his companionship.

MOUNT JOY, PA.

GENTLE WORDS.

BY J. E. D.

Have you ever thought, dear reader, of the inestimable good which has been conferred upon society by the sweet influences of gentle words? They are of great value, and cost little; so little that everybody can use them, however humble they may be as to their outward circumstances. They may be spoken by the inmates of the lowly cot, as well as by those of the lordly palace. They are the common birthright of all men, of whatever country or clime, of whatever nation or language. All alike enjoy the great privilege of cultivating the use of kind and gentle words; of exercising in their daily walk and conversation this encouraging and soul-cheering grace.

Sometimes, when we hear gentle words spoken, we are involuntarily led back o'er the years that have

been numbered with the past, and lo! we appear to be young again. We revel in childhood scenes, and are happy. The cares of life which have harassed and perplexed us are for a time forgotten, and we are playing around our mother's knee in all the carefree innocence and buoyancy of youth. These musings over, we soon return to our ordinary state—but through them we realize how much we owe our kind and gentle parents. Thus we become sensible of the pleasing fact, that the gentle words they have spoken in our early life have followed us all our days; and how much we have been benefited by them we may perhaps never fully know in this world. We feel stronger, and better able to fight the battle of life than we were before. We can better understand the dealings of Providence; and we become more willing to resign ourselves to our lot. And if we will heed the promptings of our inner and better nature, we will be brought to acknowledge that we have a Father in heaven who regardeth all our wants; who knows infinitely well how to supply them for our best eternal good; and "who doeth all things well."

There is no doubt but that through the pure and elevating influences of gentle words, minds have been prepared to perform uses for mankind inconceivably great. Perhaps only a few kind and gentle words of encouragement were bestowed, but the seed thus sown "fell into good ground," and the consequences have been of marvellous magnitude. This shows how far-reaching are the influences of "words fitly spoken," when bestowed by persons who sincerely love their fellows, and delight to do them permanent good.

We are accountable beings. If much has been given unto us, much will be required of us. "No one liveth to himself." All have an influence upon those by whom they are surrounded, either for good or for evil, which depends on people's actions and conduct in their daily life. Gentleness is a Christian virtue. Let us therefore cultivate it, dear reader, in all our thoughts, affections and actions, and gentle words will be the consequence. Thus, when our earthly career is ended, may we leave the world a little better for having been in it, and on account of having habitually used kind and gentle words.

THE MEANEST MAN.

BY ZETA.

We often hear "the oldest inhabitant" referred to, but all people may not be so well posted with regard to the meanest man alive. I did not know him myself, and none of my relations knew him, but you may depend upon the facts of the case as much as if you had received them from the "most reliable contaband."

This man always went to church and brought a few full of tow-headed children, and he had, moreover, a great regard for his "pasture." One day, his "pasture" was going by his home, when he called out to him—

"Mr. Fletcher, you needn't git no turkey for Christmas. There's one I'm a fatten' for you," accompanying the remark with a broad grin. The minister was very grateful, and felt much encouraged as he rode along. It is a fine thing to feel that one is appreciated, and that good doctrine has taken root in even such poor soil as Farmer Grinder's heart was commonly supposed to be.

Well, the days wore on—Grinder's children knew the "minister's gobbler" from all the rest of the flock, and were proportionally respectful to it. The good

"posture" was called upon from time to time to see how finely it came on. If he had been anybody but a minister he might have grown tired of having the charity so often brought before his mind, but all ministers are supposed to be lineal descendants of Job, else they are out of place in the profession.

The minister's good wife managed by careful saving somewhere else, to contrive a fine treat for the little folks, in the shape of a plum cake and tarts, and real cream biscuit for once, besides numberless other little outlying dishes with which even home-mother knows so well how to garnish a feast.

The night before brought Farmer Grinder with his turkey, a fine plump one it was, and the minister's gratitude arose anew in his heart, and he shook hands cordially with the man. The considerate parishioner remarked with a grin, that "as it was such a rouser he believed he must invite himself and family to take dinner with the minister," who of course assented, as he could do nothing else. The pecuniary advantage began to look doubtful as he thought of the concomitants of the Christmas dinner, and remembered that mince pies were as scarce as alms deeds in Mr. Grinder's establishment.

"I tell you there's good eating there," said he more than once, pinching the plump breast of the fowl. "He weighs just ten pounds. I weighed him myself. Comes to just a dollar, brother Fletcher."

Brother Fletcher paid the dollar, fed the farmer's children next day, and swallowed his indignation much as Paul would. Peter was so hasty I am afraid he would not have done so well. I leave out all the exclamations and interjections, allowing each reader to supply them for himself.

A lady whose husband has been a Colonel in the army, and who is in the habit of using words the meaning of which she does not know, lately said to a lady in reply to a question why she had been at the Mint in Philadelphia—"Why, I had some bonds, and I went there to get the gold for my *pontoons*!"

C. M.

"Facts are stubborn things," said a lawyer to a female witness under examination.

"Yes, sir," said the witness, "and so are women; and if you get anything out of me, just let me know it."

"You'll be committed for contempt," said the lawyer.

"Very well," said the witness, "I shall suffer justly, for I feel the utmost contempt for every lawyer present."

"I'm afraid you'll forget me, wife, while I'm away," said a brave officer.

"Never fear, my dear; the longer you are away in your country's service, the better I shall like you."

WITTY RETORT.—A man with a looking-glass under his arm, met a boy, and thought he would be witty at his expense. "Here, boy," said he, "just come and look in this glass, and you'll see a monkey."

"You don't say," replied the boy—"how did you find that out?"

CONSULT THE LADIES.—"When I am making up a plan of consequence," says Bolingbroke, "I always like to consult a sensible woman." Bolingbroke was a great man.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &c.

I.

I am composed of 17 letters. My 9, 2, 5, 5, 7, 4, 8, is a kind of vehicle; my 6, 14, 15, 5, is a man of rank; my 2, 13, 3, 5, 17, is a kind of fruit; my 1, 6, 12, 16, is what all should be; my 11, 10, is an abrupt refusal. My whole was a great warrior. J. H. B.

II.

I am composed of 14 letters. My 15, 13, 7, 7, is a kind of play; my 2, 10, 11, 6, 11, is a kind of cloth; my 14, 3, 8, is a great disturbance; my 17, 10, 11, 12, is an ornament much prized by young ladies; my 8, 10, 11, 4, 6, 9, is one of the seasons; my 1, 5, 10, 11, 13, 7, 6, is a peculiar race of people; my 5, 3, 11, 8, 14, is what we all strive for. My whole is very useful, and should be in possession of every housekeeper.

III.

CHARADE.

See where my first is pitched at night,
By prairie bare or warm bayou,
Ten thousand loyal hearts spring up,
Ten thousand spirits brave and true;
Hark! to my second, calling now
A mourning nation unto prayer,
While muffled drum and cannon boom
Tell our country's dead lie sleeping there.
Ready, ye my whole!—ay, search in vain;
Few nobler names than his we find,
Of him who struck the English lyre
And ruled the boundless realm of mind.

M. B. E.

IV.

My first is equality, my second decay,
My third reverberates o'er the rebels to-day.
My whole's an invention, both weighty and great,
Used by Grant, Sherman & Co., to save the state.

M. B. E.

V.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

1. Which is the most moral instrument? An Upright piano.
2. And which the most immoral? A lyre, (liar).
3. Which is the most mathematical? A triangle.
4. Which is named after a shire in Scotland? A fife.
5. What part of another instrument do we invariably find in a fowl? A drumstick.
6. Which do you suppose a fisherman would manage most skilfully? Casta-net.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, ETC., IN JUNE NO.—1. Philadelphia. 2. Arthur's Home Magazine. 3. Washington Irving.

Accomplishments by Heaven were first designed
Less to adorn than to amend the mind.
Each should contribute to the general end,
And all to virtue, as their centre, tend.
The acquirements which our best esteem invite
Should not project, but soften, mix, unite,
In glaring light not strongly be displayed,
But sweetly lost and melted into shade.

Hannah More.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GEORGE GEITH OF FEN COURT. By F. G. Trafford. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.

The reputation of this author is too well established to need comment from us. The story is simply and earnestly told—is thrillingly interesting and absorbing. We were especially charmed with the freshness of the rural descriptions. When with the accountant you are taken from the close rooms and hard work of Fen Court out into the open fields of the country, you actually seem to hear the singing birds and smell the fresh mown hay, and see the living emerald landscape, with such a charm does the author lead your thought captive, and enlist your sympathies in his theme. The denouement was sad notwithstanding our hopeful anticipations. It is an earnest life history of work, trial and disappointment.

LUTTRELL OF ARRAN. By Charles Lever. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Here we have more of those inimitable descriptions of the Irish character which few writers have presented to the public in so clear a light as Lever. With wonderful force he draws his life pictures, developing before us the native wildness of the remnants of the original Celtic race, their impatience of restraint and their hatred of English dominion. That wild uncontrolled spirit which civilization and trade have driven more or less from the larger towns of Ireland, in the more remote sections is still as strongly marked as in the days when an appeal to the sword was the only means of maintaining a semblance of English rule in the land of Meagher and O'Connell.

SKIRMISHES AND SKETCHES. By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

This book consists of a series of short articles from the pen of the gifted authoress whose works have recently attracted much attention from the public. These articles are gathered from the various magazines and newspapers where they have been previously published, and put together in book form. They treat of various matters, religious, secular, historical, biographical, the whole concluding with a highly entertaining sketch entitled "My Book," in which this literary wasp runs full tilt against all the critical pens which may be turned against her, receives imaginary wounds from all of them, and proceeds to administer in anticipation the healing salve of egotistical self-defence. But critics are good-naturedly regarded until they tell her to stop writing. She insists that they shall not say this, or at least candidly informs them that she shall not do it. Now we would not by any means counsel a cessation of the pen warfare which Gail Hamilton wages in all her writings, but we would mildly suggest that a judicious temporary armistice would be highly beneficial to herself, and enable her to carry on the battle with more spirit than is evinced in this last volume. Seriously speaking, then, we miss in this work that deep thought and solid character which marked "Country Living and Country Thinking," and which, though not in the same degree, distinguished "Gala Days" and "Stum-

bling Blocks." There is not a skirmish or a sketch but dwindles into insignificance when compared with that truthful, heart-searching essay on "Men and Women," and which alone is sufficient to give its author an endless fame. We judge that our countrywoman is writing too much, since the waters do not flow as clear, and bright, and sparkling as of yore, and therefore we counsel moderation and rest.

HUGH WORTHINGTON. By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. New York: Carleton.

The days of chivalry and romance for America have come with the recent war. Going into the army as a cure for unrequited affection puts the regular "trip to Europe," "in such case made and provided," quite in the shade, while for a reconciliation a judiciously appointed wound will effect more in a week than the old time romantic fever would have accomplished in months of convalescence. The period, which appears to have been the most favorable for the development of romance was that immediately preceding the opening of the strife. All the tragedy reaches its climax at Bull Run. Mrs. Holmes' book does not appeal to our interest as it did in "Lena Rivers" and "Tempest and Sunshine" in earlier years. Either we have advanced, or Mrs. Holmes has retrograded.

MARY BRANDEGEE. By Cuyler Pine. New York: Carleton.

Once commenced, the reader must follow Mary Brandegee to the end. It is queer in its style, but betrays no little originality, and will no doubt achieve great popularity, particularly when it is known that the writer is the young lady who contested the authorship of "Nothing to Wear," which question, we believe, was never fully decided, though its discussion for a long time agitated the public mind. The work is soulless in its dramatic personæ—almost heartless, in fact, but brilliant and fascinating. Some of the characters are admirably portrayed, and whether or not the young lady did originate Flora McFlimsey, the possession of undoubted talent must now be conceded her.

FAIRY FINGERS. By Anna Cora Ritchie. New York: Carleton.

This authoress (late Mrs. Mowatt) is already well known to the public through her widely celebrated works relating to "the stage," of which she was so well qualified to write. The scene of the present story is laid in France, where the writer is residing at present, and will no doubt repay careful perusal. We have not yet given it thorough reviewal.

LIFE OF GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN. By Rev. P. C. Headley. New York: William H. Appleton.

Anything concerning "our heroes" meets with a warm welcome from the public, and certainly no more thrilling subject could have been chosen than the history of the hero of that brilliant campaign which struck terror to the heart of the Confederacy.

and drew forth the astonishment and admiration of the world. This biography is designed especially for the youth of our land, but may be found an entertaining work for all ages.

JANET STRONG. By Virginia F. Townsend. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This story, so well known to the readers of the *Home Magazine* for 1864, has been published in a neat volume. In "Janet Strong; or, The Way Through," Miss Townsend exhibits a maturity of power not reached in any of her previous works. The story is deeply interesting, and the lesson it teaches of great value. Price \$1.50, at which we will send it by mail.

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ESSAYS. By R. W. Emerson. First and Second Series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

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Two more volumes of the blue and gold series; but not for superficial readers. Emerson's thought is too abstract for these. The poems are more perceptive than imaginative; philosophic rather than descriptive; too cold and hard for lovers of the tender and passionate. It would be difficult to say to which of the ancient nine the author is indebted for inspiration. We lean to the opinion, after reading Mr. Emerson's poems, that there is a tenth muse, of modern birth.

The "Essays" may be read with profit by all. There is much in them to set you thinking. You may grow impatient at times over the peculiarities and apparent pedantries of style; but, if you are capable of deep, strong thought—if your life experiences have taken you below the surface of things, you will find enough in his pages to make you acknowledge him as a teacher and a helper.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE WAR IS OVER.

I look upon those words as they lie at the top of my page, and almost wonder that I have lived to write, or that you will read them. I strive to enter into their roominess, into all their vastness and glory of meanings; but I feel that my deepest thought and imagination can hardly penetrate beyond the vestibule.

How often in the long four years that have just dragged their length of fire, and desolation, and death over the land, have we all strained our eyes for the first far off signal light of that blessed time, in which, to-day, we all of us walk, and as in a dream say over the precious words, sometimes in swelling exultation, sometimes in a hush of awe and humility, sometimes away down in the silence of our hearts, sometimes in outbursting thanksgivings of gratitude and praise!

The sickness of heart, the hope deferred are over now! No more winds will blow up from the South, all their sweetness haunted with groans of the wounded, and farewells of the dying—no more shall we wait in breathless hope and dread for telegrams from the battle-fields—no more open with trembling fingers the papers whose columns are headed with "Victory" or "Defeat," or search with faint hearts a little farther down, lest the list of "wounded" and "killed" hold the one name that carries something the whole world besides does not for us.

No more flocks of innocent-faced little children to be made fatherless in a single day—no more messages flashing over their long highway of wire to smite as with a fiery bolt the hearts of wives who sit and pray by desolate hearth-stones, for the loved one gone now beyond the reach of prayer—no more mothers

looking with faint hearts and glazing eyes because there are rumors of another draft on their goodly sons, as they go in and out before them—no more beholding the flower of the land setting off in their strength and courage, and coming back again, at last, their numbers dwindled, their faces worn and haggard, limping, maimed, blind, sick unto death with service on the battle-field, with picket watches, with wasting marches, with all the toil, and suffering, and misery of war.

And no more of the long anguish which has paled our cheeks and sickened our hearts to read of, in that border land, that spread its wide green hem betwixt the North and the South. No more pleasant homes laid in ashes, no more hungry little children crying for bread and shelter when there is none to give—no more hidings in the wilderness by day, for fear of the foe, more dreadful than wild beasts, raging to devour—no more groping through dark forests at night, for the dear life for which the enemy lies in wait, and oh! thank God, no more slow starving to death in Southern prisons, of men who have left home and happiness, to suffer, if need be, unto death, that so the life of their country be saved—no more peril, and wrath, and anguish that should make the very stones cry out for dread!

Dear reader, your thought will outstrip my pen, and take hold of a thousand fears and griefs that are passing away now as the shadows of the night drift away before the presence of the dawn. This new Peace comes to us with more blessings than we can name or number, and out of the multitude of our joys it seems as though our only cry must be that of the old negro woman, "God is too good to us."

benefit, on the principle that "a half-loaf is better than no bread." Again; if you are so situated that you think you must employ a poor operator, it would certainly be advisable to let him use cheap materials, for he is more accustomed to their use, and will do better for you with them than with gold. Yet if you must, from pecuniary circumstances, have your teeth filled with tin foil and other cheap metals, it is much better that you employ a competent and conscientious man to do it. The durability of plugs depends on circumstances over which the dentist has no control; consequently he ought not to be asked to "warrant" them. If a plug comes out, an honorable practitioner will do what is right in the case. From sickness, from medicines, from neglect of cleanliness, your tooth may decay near the plug and undermine it. In biting hard substances, like candy or a crust of bread, you may break off a portion of a filled tooth, and loosen it or expose it to decay. Therefore you must not think you have nothing more to do after having all necessary teeth plugged. You have much to do; you must carefully clean your teeth and fillings with brush, toothpick, and india-rubber or floss silk daily. Be a little careful what you *crush* between them; let your dentist examine them semi-annually.

As you grow older, you will find that there is less and less for the dentist to do for you. Your teeth are growing harder by age, and are less liable to decay.

You will find also that they are less sensitive to pain in filling, as you older grow.

In speaking of tin foil and amalgams, I neglected to say what I will now. As children very often require their temporary teeth to be plugged, to preserve them a few years only, until the second set take their places, it is not improper to fill them with temporary plugs of tin foil or other substances, if the cost is of any consequence. Occasionally, too, a sixth year molar, in the tender jaw, requires plugging, while the mouth is yet so small and the saliva so abundant as to prevent a good operation with gold. In this case, too, a temporary plug may be inserted, and when age has enlarged the jaw, and made the circumstances more favorable, it can then be removed and be replaced by a permanent one.

The operation of plugging teeth to preserve them, requires the highest skill of the dental art. Many men, who are accomplished in the manufacture of artificial teeth, miserably fail in that higher branch, which is devoted to the preservation of the natural organs; therefore, my advice is to find out what the reputation of your dentist is for plugging and preserving teeth, before you employ him for that purpose. Do not take it for granted that he is skilled in this department, merely because he "is called a good dentist." This reputation is often obtained merely because he makes good-fitting "sets of teeth."

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

SUMMER RESORTS.

For many days there has been an animated discussion in the "home circle" concerning the relative merits of summer resorts. The hot brick walls are becoming quite unendurable, and where to find relief and comfort has been the question which for some time has occupied our undivided attention. We have not come to a satisfactory, practical decision upon the subject, but are trusting that the experience of this year may guide us in our summer trips in the future.

"Pater familias," who sweltered through the last "season" in a seven-by-nine oven at Saratoga, opened the ball early in June this year by placing his right pedal extremity emphatically upon the parlor carpet, declaring it his intention to give a wide berth to watering-places and public resorts for the remainder of his mortal existence.

The maternal "vine" shook her leaves pleasantly and smiled serenely, as she always does at the announcement of anything expected to be particularly disagreeable, because she was prepared by a previous secret discussion, and knew just what was forthcoming; but all the young "olive plants," though frequently warned by ominous mutterings, yet thought it proper to look extremely surprised at this sudden dash of cold water upon their gay anticipations. In imagination they had set all the muslin sails, and flung out the gay ribbons of our little family bark, and had confidently marked out the course it was to pursue, noting particularly upon the chart—Long Branch, Newport, Sharon, and Saratoga.

A half dozen hearts are fluttering with expectancy, while as many more hands are busy in preparation, when suddenly up rises the pilot of this little domes-

tic craft, and refuses to proceed one inch upon the prescribed route.

I am afraid our crew were not as docile and tractable as they should have been. Not one of them would have made the hero or heroine of a Sunday-school book, for they did not succumb meekly to parental authority, or accept the new dispensation with beautiful resignation, but, on the contrary, endeavored by persuasion and entreaty to induce a review of the paternal decision. They showed great ingenuity in their devices, and brought forward arguments really wonderful in the defence of their plans; but the "stern patriarch," when thus importuned, preserved ominous silence, but shook his head determinedly, pointing impressively to the scars of last year's flea-bites, which still remained conspicuous about his person. At this point his opponents rather felt that he had the advantage, and at last despairingly gave up the contest, and sullenly began a retreat into the valley of humiliation and chagrin.

What untoward consequences might have resulted from these inharmonious factions, it were impossible to say, since they were all happily prevented by the maternal peace-maker, who came bearing down under flag of truce, proposing an armistice and treaty of peace, of which the following were to be the conditions, viz., that each one should this season follow the bent of his own inclinations, seeking amusement and recreation in whatever way might seem most desirable. After some discussion, the terms of this agreement were acceded to, and, like Lee's army, we are on parole of honor, to continue as long as there are no violations of known law.

We are on the eve of our departure from the close, pent-up city—some to the country, some to the

"pasture" was called upon from time to time to see how finely it came on. If he had been anybody but a minister he might have grown tired of having the charity so often brought before his mind, but all ministers are supposed to be lineal descendants of Job, else they are out of place in the profession.

The minister's good wife managed by careful saving somewhere else, to contrive a fine treat for the little folks, in the shape of a plum cake and tarts, and real cream biscuit for once, besides numberless other little outlying dishes with which even home-mother knows so well how to garnish a feast.

The night before brought Farmer Grinder with his turkey, a fine plump one it was, and the minister's gratitude arose anew in his heart, and he shook hands cordially with the man. The considerate parishioner remarked with a grin, that "as it was such a rouser he believed he must invite himself and family to take dinner with the minister," who of course assented, as he could do nothing else. The pecuniary advantage began to look doubtful as he thought of the concomitants of the Christmas dinner, and remembered that mince pies were as scarce as alms deeds in Mr. Grinder's establishment.

"I tell you there's good eating there," said he more than once, pinching the plump breast of the fowl. "He weighs just ten pounds. I weighed him myself. Comes to just a dollar, brother Fletcher."

Brother Fletcher paid the dollar, fed the farmer's children next day, and swallowed his indignation much as Paul would. Peter was so hasty I am afraid he would not have done so well. I leave out all the exclamations and interjections, allowing each reader to supply them for himself.

A lady whose husband has been a Colonel in the army, and who is in the habit of using words the meaning of which she does not know, lately said to a lady in reply to a question why she had been at the Mint in Philadelphia—"Why, I had some bonds, and I went there to get the gold for my pontoons!"

C. M.

"Facts are stubborn things," said a lawyer to a female witness under examination.

"Yes, sir," said the witness, "and so are women; and if you get anything out of me, just let me know it."

"You'll be committed for contempt," said the lawyer.

"Very well," said the witness, "I shall suffer justly, for I feel the utmost contempt for every lawyer present."

"I'm afraid you'll forget me, wife, while I'm away," said a brave officer.

"Never fear, my dear; the longer you are away in your country's service, the better I shall like you."

WITTY REPLY.—A man with a looking-glass under his arm, met a boy, and thought he would be witty at his expense. "Here, boy," said he, "just come and look in this glass, and you'll see a monkey."

"You don't say," replied the boy—"how did you find that out?"

CONSULT THE LADIES.—"When I am making up a plan of consequence," says Bolingbroke, "I always like to consult a sensible woman." Bolingbroke was a great man.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &c.

I.

I am composed of 17 letters. My 9, 2, 5, 5, 7, 4, 8, is a kind of vehicle; my 6, 14, 15, 8, is a man of rank; my 2, 13, 3, 5, 17, is a kind of fruit; my 1, 6, 12, 16, is what all should be; my 11, 10, is an abrupt refusal. My whole was a great warrior. J. H. B.

II.

I am composed of 14 letters. My 15, 13, 7, 7, is a kind of play; my 2, 10, 11, 6, 11, is a kind of cloth; my 14, 3, 8, is a great disturbance; my 17, 10, 11, 12, is an ornament much prized by young ladies; my 8, 10, 11, 4, 6, 9, is one of the seasons; my 1, 5, 10, 11, 13, 7, 8, is a peculiar race of people; my 5, 3, 11, 8, 14, is what we all strive for. My whole is very useful, and should be in possession of every housekeeper.

III.

CHARADE.

See where my first is pitched at night,

By prairie bare or warm bayou,

Ten thousand loyal hearts spring up,

Ten thousand spirits brave and true;

Hark! to my second, calling now

A mourning nation unto prayer,

While muffled drum and cannon boom

Tell our country's dead lie sleeping there.

Read ye my whole!—ay, search in vain;

Few nobler names than his we find,

Of him who struck the English lyre

And ruled the boundless realm of mind.

M. B. E.

—

IV.

My first is equality, my second decay,

My third reverberates o'er the rebels to-day.

My whole's an invention, both weighty and great,

Used by Grant, Sherman & Co., to save the state.

M. B. E.

—

V.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

1. Which is the most moral instrument? An Upright piano.

2. And which the most immoral? A lyre, (liar).

3. Which is the most mathematical? A triangle.

4. Which is named after a shire in Scotland? A fife.

5. What part of another instrument do we invariably find in a fowl? A drumstick.

6. Which do you suppose a fisherman would manage most skilfully? Cast-a-net.

—

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, ETC., IN JUNE No.—1. Philadelphia. 2. Arthur's Home Magazine. 3. Washington Irving.

Accomplishments by Heaven were first designed
Less to adorn than to amend the mind.
Each should contribute to the general end,
And all to virtue, as their centre, tend.
The acquirements which our best esteem invite
Should not project, but soften, mix, unite;
In glaring light not strongly be displayed,
But sweetly lost and melted into shade.

Hannah More.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GEORGE GUTH OF FEN COURT. By F. G. Trafford. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.

The reputation of this author is too well established to need comment from us. The story is simply and earnestly told—is thrillingly interesting and absorbing. We were especially charmed with the freshness of the rural descriptions. When with the accountant you are taken from the close rooms and hard work of Fen Court out into the open fields of the country, you actually seem to hear the singing birds and smell the fresh mown hay, and see the living emerald landscape, with such a charm does the author lead your thought captive, and enlist your sympathies in his theme. The denouement was sad notwithstanding our hopeful anticipations. It is an earnest life history of work, trial and disappointment.

LUTTRELL OF ARRAN. By Charles Lever. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Here we have more of those inimitable descriptions of the Irish character which few writers have presented to the public in so clear a light as Lever. With wonderful force he draws his life pictures, developing before us the native wildness of the remnants of the original Celtic race, their impatience of restraint and their hatred of English dominion. That wild uncontrolled spirit which civilization and trade have driven more or less from the larger towns of Ireland, in the more remote sections is still as strongly marked as in the days when an appeal to the sword was the only means of maintaining a semblance of English rule in the land of Meagher and O'Connell.

SKIRMISHES AND SKETCHES. By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

This book consists of a series of short articles from the pen of the gifted authoress whose works have recently attracted much attention from the public. These articles are gathered from the various magazines and newspapers where they have been previously published, and put together in book form. They treat of various matters, religious, secular, historical, biographical, the whole concluding with a highly entertaining sketch entitled "My Book," in which this literary wasp runs full tilt against all the critical pens which may be turned against her, receives imaginary wounds from all of them, and proceeds to administer in anticipation the healing salve of egotistical self-defence. But critics are good-naturedly regarded until they tell her to stop writing. She insists that they shall not say this, or at least candidly informs them that she shall not do it. Now we would not by any means counsel a cessation of the pen warfare which Gail Hamilton wages in all her writings, but we would mildly suggest that a judicious temporary armistice would be highly beneficial to herself, and enable her to carry on the battle with more spirit than is evinced in this last volume. Seriously speaking, then, we miss in this work that deep thought and solid character which marked "Country Living and Country Thinking," and which, though not in the same degree, distinguished "Gala Days" and "Stum-

bling Blocks." There is not a skirmish or a sketch but dwindles into insignificance when compared with that truthful, heart-searching essay on "Men and Women," and which alone is sufficient to give its author an endless fame. We judge that our countrywoman is writing too much, since the waters do not flow as clear, and bright, and sparkling as of yore, and therefore we counsel moderation and rest.

HUGH WORTHINGTON. By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. New York: *Chilton*.

The days of chivalry and romance for America have come with the recent war. Going into the army as a cure for unrequited affection puts the regular "trip to Europe," "in such case made and provided," quite in the shade, while for a reconciliation a judiciously appointed wound will effect more in a week than the old time romantic fever would have accomplished in months of convalescence. The period, which appears to have been the most favorable for the development of romance was that immediately preceding the opening of the strife. All the tragedy reaches its climax at Bull Run. Mrs. Holmes' book does not appeal to our interest as it did in "Lena Rivers" and "Tempest and Sunshine" in earlier years. Either we have advanced, or Mrs. Holmes has retrograded.

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And there is one blessing greater than all the others, in essence and scope, which this Peace brings, and that is Freedom—absolute, unchangeable, eternal. No more men and women set upon auction blocks for sale—no more driving of human beings into the field, as cattle are driven to labor—no more little children wrenched from the arms of their distracted mothers—no more husbands and wives driven away from each other—no more poor cowering creatures hunted in swamp and wilderness by baying blood-hounds—no more wrong and vileness beneath the sun, such as pen and lip shrink to speak of—for slavery is gone!

I take shame to myself, my reader, that, as you will bear me witness, I have seldom in other years touched on a Wrong for which, deeply as all my instincts of right and justice abhorred it, I could see no present sufficient remedy. God has taken the matter into His own hands and settled the Wrong as no human wisdom could have done it, and in a way that we looked not for, a rugged way of darkness and tumult, of blood, and anguish, and death. Oh, dear, dear country, has the one shadow fallen from the radiance of thy forehead, shall they taunt thy glory no more with that one shame, is thy Peace now to be laid in eternal foundations of justice and righteousness?

Looking off to the future of our country—to all the hope and promise—to the strength, and honor, and prosperity that seem to await her, and to that great work for all humanity which the years open before her, and looking up, too, to the folds of the dear old flag that comes back to us now out of her long four years baptism of fire and blood, with no star lost out of her radiant cluster, and with a new glory shining over all, we can only, as thought and feeling surge within us, like a mighty river overflowing its banks, thank God and take courage. "The war is over." V. F. F.

EMANCIPATION.

"The slaves are not the only women whom the war has emancipated!" was the remark of one of those women who have thrown themselves vitally into their country's service, and done on battle-field and in the hospital as faithful work as the soldier who has thrust himself into the breach, and fought at the front; women who have watched over the sick, and nursed the wounded, and dressed noisome sores, and shrank from no burdens, nor ministrations, however hard or revolting; women who have gone home, from the camp and the hospital to tell the soldiers' story in their own way, and to organize societies, and stimulate fairs, and to direct all spasmodic and uninformed activities into orderly and available channels of relief and succor.

"There has been an emancipation," said this woman, "from fashion and frivolity, from luxurious drawing-rooms, from lives of indolence, and pleasure, and self-seeking, from pettiness and weakness into activity and generosity, into courage and heroism, into inspiration, and endeavor, and self-sacrifice. The women, as well as the slaves, have had their emancipation through this war."

And now, women of North America, it remains with you to prove whether this emancipation is a vital and lasting one—not inspired by an hour which quickened all the sympathies, and energies, and heroisms of your sex, and from which you will shrink back into the old life and the old thraldoms. One thing is certain, the future of our country belongs to you; it will be what you make it!

Every day that I live I am more strongly impressed with the range and the power of woman's influence for good or for evil in the world. She who rules the

homes of the land shapes its moral character. There is no getting aside of it. No man can get beyond the power of some woman's influence, be that woman dead or alive. There is no ridding yourselves of these vast responsibilities. They lie at your door, they rest on your head and heart, oh, woman! Rise, then, "equal to the sublime occasion." Be worthy of your country, and of the demand which now she makes of every one of you. Let your emancipation be of the heart and soul. From all the old habits and tendencies which lead to weakness and wrong; from self-indulgence, from pettinesses, from little gnawing suspicions, and envies, and jealousies, from prejudice and narrowness—above all, from gossip, and the uncharity and mischiefs which it breeds, emancipate yourselves. Let your neighbors' affairs be as sacred from your tongue, as the purse in his drawer is from your fingers.

Make it a solemn purpose to elevate the social tone of your own circle, whether that be high or humble.

If you drop in to pass an hour with a neighbor, see that the conversation runs into healthful channels, away from all unprofitable and silly talk, and when you come away, carry with you the pleasant consciousness that you have stimulated some good in your friend, that you have spoken some words that will perhaps be remembered for good, that you have softened some prejudice, or comforted some grief, or quickened some purpose, in short, that your visit has not run to waste, or to scandal, which is wickedness.

Why cannot every mother in the land, be a true, noble, large-hearted, generous-souled woman? This is better than any amount of culture or accomplishments, although I would not underrate these latter, but I would vastly sooner trust the welfare of our dear old country to a President whose mother was a true-hearted, God-loving, tender-souled woman, than to another man whose mother might have had gifts, and grace, and culture, to adorn any court in the world, without those inward graces which are above all price. I think this country owes to Abraham Lincoln a debt of incalculable magnitude, but perhaps she owes quite as much, after all, to that good old mother whose life was set in such humble by-ways, and who has slept so many years in that lowly grave to which she went down, never dreaming what she had given and done to the world. If she has met her boy again, she knows it—now.

And, oh mother, for whom I write, these boys and girls—rude, troublesome, vociferous, who are growing up around you, are taking day by day the impress of their characters from you. They will be what you make them. Every word that you speak, every example that you set, sinks into their souls, and will be repeated whether you know it or not.

On these boys and girls rests the integrity and honor of our country. They will be men in a little while, standing at the very helm of the nation, it may be guarding her honor, making her laws—they will be women in a few years, the wives and the mothers, it may be, of the rulers of the land.

Tread softly, deal carefully. Weigh well your counsels. You know not for what times or generations you are working. Above all things else, see that you lay in the souls of your children a good foundation in a love for the truth, deeper than the love of life itself. This is the basis of all character worth possessing. See to it then, that integrity is so firm that no storms can prevail against it, so deep that no temptations can eat into and destroy it; and in all this remember, oh, faithful mother, that your help is to come from, and your springs to be in the Lord God, who made heaven and earth.

CHIVALRY IN PETTICOATS.

If anything was needed to divest the Northern people of any lingering tenderness they may have felt towards the leaders of this rebellion for the high chivalric character they have always arrogated to themselves, certainly it is now presented to us in the spectacle of the representative head of the Confederacy fleeing from justice disguised in woman's apparel.

If the real character of boasted Southern civilization had not ere this been beaten into our understanding with a bludgeon, nor penetrated our heart at the point of the bowie-knife, nor entered our brain with the swift-speeding bullet, nor appeared to our eyes in horrid scenes of starvation and misery, it has come out in its true colors at last, and compels our hearty contempt, whether we will or no.

And this is the hero "that so vauntingly swore" while he sat only three months since in fancied security at Richmond, and wielded kingly power; this is the man who has been repeatedly held up before our eyes as the great statesman and the courageous chieftain.

Truly, we almost feel ashamed of ourselves that such a puny wretch should have been the recipient of the distinguished consideration which has been awarded him during the past four years. We could exclaim with Shakspeare's redoubtable hero, Hotspur—"Why, what a frosty-spirited rogue is this. Zounds! an' I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Oh, I could divide myself and go to buffets for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honorable an action."

What a rare chance for immortality was given the "stern statesman!" With what magnanimity he might have sacrificed his life to a noble cause! How (when retreat became impossible) with calm, manly dignity, this consummate actor might have played the rôle of the heroic martyr, and have serenely rendered himself up, the sacrificial lamb, upon the altar he so long had labored to establish. Then pity for misguided talent might have mingled with the sterner cries for justice, and faint-hearted women have wept unrebuked over a traitor's grave. But the evil spirit which possessed him, impelled him to assume the dimmy disguise, and afterwards disclosed the cloven foot, which betrayed the flying villain. This last act crowns his ignoble career. To a hatred of his crimes is now added a thorough detestation of his cowardly nature.

And how applicable to his unworthy life and final downfall are the words of the haughty English Cardinal, who to personal ambition sacrificed all the nobler, truer instincts of his soul, and died at last, broken-hearted and despised:—

(*Wolsley*.)—Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!

This is the state of man. To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good, easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
Then many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must ever hide me,
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new opened; O, how wretched

Is that poor man who hangs on princes' favors!

There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have,
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—*Henry VIII.*, Act 3, sc. 2. M. A. B.

FOURTH OF JULY.

(See Engraving.)

With what deep heart-throbs of joy and thanksgiving we welcome the national festival. Not with the heartless, noisy demonstrations of other days, when all we knew or felt of love of country was a nameless, indefinable belief that this nation was the embodiment of the unrestricted license popularly known as Liberty, and a sort of pride in the land that had risen so rapidly in wealth and population, and, as our bombastic orators so often assured us, "owed not a dollar in the world." It was an empty love. Our cup had not then been filled to the brim with the trying waters of affliction. We did not know the capacity of our own souls—how much we would dare, how much sacrifice, how much suffer for our cherished fatherland, which had given us all things yet never required any return at our hands. The trial has come—and passed—and we are conquerors, while we realize more than ever before the sacredness of the charge that God has placed in our hands. It has been the subject of agonising prayer, it has been baptised in tears of blood, and its last consecration of martyrdom has sanctified it forever more. This anniversary comes to us like a wave of rich music surging through the soul, thrilling it with ecstasy inexpressible. It stirs a deep fount of immeasurable joy, of which the booming of the cannon and the ringing of merry bells are but the merest ripples that sparkle on the surface.

But the children—happy hearts! they stand just where we did before the war came upon us. They know and feel that a great sorrow has passed away, and their light-heartedness, like the sparkling soda fountain bursts forth in effervescing demonstration of joy. The rich wine of maturity and suffering is not theirs as yet—nor would we have it so. With drum, and fife, and crack of miniature cannon, let them pass the summer holiday, and while we watch the merry sports thank God the trial came upon us, and not upon our children. The heritage we leave them is free of slavery's stain forever.

Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts.

This time-honored institution deserves well of the public for its contribution to the entertainment and cultivation of the people of this city. Especially is the spring exhibition of this year deserving commendation. Both in number and excellence, the pictures are remarkable beyond the similar displays of many previous years.

Favored by the courtesy of the intelligent and gentlemanly secretary of the Academy with cards of admission, we found ourselves included among the favored ones, who were permitted to visit the galleries before they had been thrown open to the public.

Few hours of our lives have flown on swifter wings than those which slipped unconsciously from us within those charmed walls. We went early in the evening, hoping to "make the rounds" and take a hasty survey of all the paintings before the crowd should gather, to disturb, with their restless movements, our quiet enjoyment.

Commencing with the south-east gallery where

many of the new pictures are hung, we were soon absorbed in the revelations of beauty that greeted us on every side. Gradually the blaze of light, and reflection of gorgeous color which at first dazzled the eye passed away, and from the seeming heterogeneous mass, we soon began to distinguish little gems of landscape and domestic scene, wonderful representations of the sea in all its moods—baskets of luscious, tempting fruit—historic pictures so striking in their portrayal that at a glance the story is revealed to the observer—handsome portraits, and charming fancy sketches; each one exquisite in design and color, and well calculated to repay a careful study.

We cannot linger here to particularise as we should like to do—to dwell upon the warm, sunny, autumn tints and “visible sunshine” of the gifted Moran; the careful, faultless productions of Weber’s pencil; the ocean spray which Hamilton has caught and chained to canvas; the life-like delineations of Rothermel, or the half-awake dreams of the poet-artist. Each was charming in itself, and all “alike good.” Nor were these all. Artists of lesser note, but of undoubted talent, have contributed largely to the collection works of no insignificant merit. As we stood gazing at all the marvellous beauty thus spread before us, and drinking deep at the fountain of enjoyment, the gradual approach of darkness warned us of the lapse of time, and that our feast must soon be over. The regular collection of the Academy thus passed almost unnoticed. West’s unrivalled picture, Christ Rejected, still forms a part of this exhibition. It is a truly wonderful creation of art, two figures in which, those of Christ himself and Pilate the Roman governor, are sufficient to secure for the great artist undying celebrity.

An excellent engraving of this work has been executed by Mr. Sartain, of this city, reproducing the original with great skill and fidelity. This engraving should be possessed by all. By those who have seen the painting as a remembrance of its power, and by those who have not as a faithful copy of the original.

M. E. B.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

Since gentlemen have always considered it their privilege to ridicule the fashions of the “fair sex,” we take it that it is no more than justice that they should receive occasional retaliation upon their costumes, which are often as ridiculous as our own. A lively correspondent thus addresses the “Home Magazine”—

“Have you noticed, dear friends, the very monkeyish costume adopted by the young exquisites one encounters constantly now-a-days. In the first place the round hat, which more than anything else resembles a loaf of bread, bisected, and placed upon the top of the cranium. Then the cut away coat, which if made of scarlet cloth would be a fac-simile of that worn by the organ-grinder’s pet, upon whom we used to bestow our spare change in the days of childhood long since gone by. Actually upon meeting one of these fashionably dressed young men upon the pavement the other day, as he took off his hat by way of deference, my hand unconsciously sought my pocket for stray pennies to place therein, for what human expression was not taken away by the peculiar cut of his whiskers, was completely destroyed by the monkeyish suit of clothing which he wore, and the illusion was complete. Talk about the “fashionable follies” of the ladies! What article of female apparel has ever gone through such nice discriminating shades of fashionable size, form and color, as the “pantaloon” of the sterner sex. Not to speak of the

old-fashioned breeches which our grandfathers wore, in our own day the various ingenious modifications in these garments are amusing and curious. But they have this season assumed a shape ridiculous and odd beyond their predecessors for many years. They are full about the the limbs, but cut close in at the ankle, and in expression are not unlike the old “leg of mutton” sleeve which was in favor with our grandmothers, and has been recently revived by the ladies of the present day. How they have been able to slip them over the boots in their diminished state has been a mystery to me, and indeed it must have required superhuman effort since now they have given up the attempt, and taken to buttoning them around the ankle. Was ever anything so absurd. Woman’s fripperies indeed! We are losing our old prerogative. The petty things of this world are engrossing the minds of the sterner sex to a degree which throws all our little peccadilloes in the shade.”

Mrs. Bella Z. Spencer, author of “Ora; or, the Lost Wife,” has become one of the editors of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, and we congratulate the publishers on having secured the literary services of this gifted lady. The New York daily *Evening Post*, in referring to the arrangement, says:—“Mrs. Spencer’s literary ability is marked and pleasing. For one so young, she combines qualities as rare as necessary for the duties she has assumed, and we most cordially welcome her to the fraternity, with our warmest wishes for her success.”

BROOKLYN TO PHILADELPHIA.

The sail down the bay from Brooklyn to Port Mammouth, in a pleasant morning, with the picturesque scenery on one side, is very attractive. At Port Mammouth travellers take the cars, and a three hours’ ride brings them to Philadelphia. We hope this new line of travel will receive the patronage it deserves. The cheapness of the fare is an important feature, a single ticket costing but \$2.00, and a ticket covering three days, and return, costs but \$3.00.

THE NEW GYMNASTICS.

Dr. Dio Lewis will introduce a new and highly interesting feature in his “TRAINING SCHOOL FOR TEACHERS OF THE NEW GYMNASTICS,” during the coming summer session. He will take his class a few miles out of Boston, to Lexington, which is more than two hundred feet above the sea, and hold the daily drill in the open air, under a simple roof. The pupils will board at Dr. Lewis’s large health establishment in Lexington, thus securing the most favorable dietetic and other conditions for the rapid development of muscle and health. In imitation of the ancient Greeks, both the gymnastic and vocal training in all but stormy days, will be carried forward in the open air. Send to Dr. Dio Lewis, Boston, for a full circular.

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